

THE high-handed conduct of the Toronto Railway Company in openly defying the city for the last few years has had an effect much more serious than the mere inconvenience of the citizens. Other street railway companies are beginning to show signs of a determination to emulate and outdo Toronto's autocratic monopolist. In Kingston the Street Railway Company is making a public demonstration of its franchise-holding outfit can really do when it takes a notion to exert itself. By an absurd clause in the Company's charter, it seems that if one car is run every six months the railway people would be living up to the letter of their agreement. This they propose to do. Of course if they follow this outrageous line of conduct the whole spirit of their charter will be broken. For it is well known, and freely admitted by the Company that the troublesome clause referred to was provided for a season when the city was so short of winter time charter was granted as to whether it would be profitable or desirable to run cars during the winter months. It has been found to be both profitable and highly desirable to run them, consequently the usefulness of the clause for the purpose for which it was intended has been disproven. But



the Company, as revenge for the city's refusal to grant them more privileges, are resolved to summon this provision to serve their own improper purposes. Kingston should appeal to the Legislature and have the charter cancelled. If such impudent hold-ups are to be encouraged, these monopoly-holding corporations will soon have full charge of municipal affairs, and the mayor-and-council anachronism have any spirit this aggression on the part of the Company will be converted into a boomerang that will do much in the way of showing companies how far they may not go in open defiance of the public. Toronto will now look to Kingston for sympathy and for an example. When the Kingstonians see that semi-annual car making its maiden trip they will know what it feels like to live in Toronto, where street-car traveling is "sardine shipping" every day in the year.

WHEN you have shouted yourself hoarse, when you have exhausted your vocabulary, when you have almost melted the diaphragm of the telephone in your efforts to get a number, you no doubt stop and wonder why all this force and superheated language is necessary. The reason is not far to seek. Toronto is blessed with a telephone service of an antiquity superior to that of almost any other city of its size on the globe. The citizens are supposed by the company that provides this relic to display that respect for the aged, that consideration for the infirm, that tolerance for the slow movements of the feeble which is characteristic of well-mannered and cultured persons. Impatience or protest should unquestionably be avoided; time, and time only, will work a cure. The telephone Company has a more modern system which it is preparing to substitute as soon as the old one is absolutely and indisputably dead. One can readily understand their reluctance to make any change so long as the old system displays the slightest desire to perform any of the functions of its office. Old age and consequent incapacity are sensitive; any intimation that usefulness was gone would be unkind. Toronto should not display ingratitude for honest service rendered in the past. Every one knows the howl that went up when certain aged street cars were superannuated. The city should not be left open to a like charge in its treatment of the once faithful old telephone. What matters it that even in Sweden they have a system—as I was informed by a gentleman who has spent some time in that country—that is years in advance of ours? If ours is not so young as theirs, theirs is not so old as ours—and not half so stately-slow. It is not always wise to sacrifice dignity and decorum to mere usefulness. Time, time, give the Telephone Company time, and when the old system drops dead in harness the new one will, if Providence be kind, fill the vacant place. When that happy day arrives Toronto may be able to point with pride to the fact that she is as up-to-date as any city in far-distant Scandinavia—providing that Scandinavians will stand still for the next few years.

A DESPATCH from London revives the rumor that the Crown Prince of Germany's love for Miss Gladys Deacon has taken a new lease of life. It had been thought by the friends of Miss Deacon, and by the world generally, that the romance of the young Prince had come before the revival of affection. Love may laugh at locksmiths, goldsmiths, and even plumbers; but surely it dare not openly defy the arbiter of fashion, the remodeler of history, the tinker of Empire! Either the London correspondent has been misinformed or William is losing his grasp of things. When the Kaiser once permits affections, unstamped with the Imperial approval, to circulate freely among his people, the knell of real authority is rung. But whether the despatch be true or false, the original intimation of the Prince should be a warning to every Canadian family intending to tour Europe. One can never tell, in traveling in those Old World countries, with whom their daughters may be brought in contact. There are so many Toms, Dicks and Harrys wandering about!

ENGLISH papers are bewailing the loss that the country will suffer through the extensive emigration of Yorkshire farmers to Canada. But those good British journalists who are always advising the colonies to consider the good of the Empire first seem to forget their own counsel when it comes to a question of giving Canada an infusion of the blood of Yorkshire yeomen. I cheerfully agree with the many nice things that are being said about those farmers whose people have lived the same land for many centuries, but, if they are a good breed, all the more reason why Canada should have them. These sturdy hard-working people are infinitely to be preferred to the aristocratic ne'er-do-well—the "remittance man" who is thickly strewn from Winnipeg to the Pacific coast and whose accent and ancestry are held dear by the hotelkeeper of the West. Yorkshire folk are willing to work for their money and the enterprising goldbrick men are obliged to work still harder to get it out of them. Much has been said about the threatened "Americanization" of our North-West. The Yorkshire element will form an excellent antidote for the restless Yankee. It would be worth while to be present at a horse deal when some David Harum endeavors by "heavenly Chinese" tactics to get ahead of a stolid Englishman from the "North Country." There will be things done and I'd take odds on the man from Yorkshire.



The engagement of Captain Harold Bickford and Miss Mary Davidson, elder daughter of Colonel J. I. Davidson, has been for some time trembling on the verge of publicity, and was announced a few days since. Captain Bickford left last month to rejoin his regiment in India, but a little bird tells me that ere long he will be back in Toronto. In the meantime his sweet little fiancée is the recipient of hearty good wishes from her many friends, by whom she is greatly beloved, as indeed she well deserves to be.

Hamilton society and a section of Toronto society as well were interested in the marriage of Mr. Gordon Henderson of Hamilton and Miss Muriel Sanford, daughter of the late Senator Sanford and Mrs. Sanford of "Wesford," which took place in Christ Church Cathedral on Wednesday at 3 p.m. The Bishop of Niagara and Rev. Canon Bland officiated and the choir rendered a choral service. Dr. Vaux, uncle of the bride, brought her in and gave her away. The chancel and church were beautifully decorated with different varieties of white flowers and palms, and the chancel was arched with flowers and smilax. The usual barrier of white ribbons reserved the guests' places. Miss Sanford's wedding gown was a Princess robe of ivory Liberty satin, panelled and trimmed with rose point, and hemmed with pearls, the balayouse of chiffon being visible through slashes at the foot of the gown. The veil was hemmed with pearls and fastened with orange blossoms. Miss Constance Phyllis Sanford, niece of the bride, was maid of honor. Miss Laura Harvey and Miss Ethel O'Reilly were bridesmaids, and little Phyllis Henderson, sister of the groom, was flower girl. The frocks of these young people were quite charming. Miss Sanford and the little maid wearing white Greenaway chiffon frocks and ribbons, and the bridesmaids cream chiffon accented with ruffles and belts of satin and cream chiffon hats with crowns of rosebuds. The delicate pink roses known as "Canadian Queen" formed the bouquets. The bride's bouquet was a shower of white roses and lily of the valley. Mr. St. Clair Balfour was best man and the ushers were Messrs. Hillhouse Brown, W. Southam, John Turner, Murray Lottbridge, John Gartshore, Harry Paterson, Allan Glasco, and Philip Alexander. A lovely reception was held at Wesford, which was an fête in honor of the marriage. Mrs. Sanford receiving in black velvet and bonnet of black violets and ermine. A marquee was arranged for the sumptuous dejeuner and a couple of rooms were filled with presents, which, as can be easily imagined, were magnificent. After the reception Mr. and Mrs. Henderson left on their wedding trip, the bride going away in a tan costume de voyage, with a white broad tail coat and muff, and white panne hat with osprey and touches of gold embroidery. Among the

guests from outer cities were Mr. and Mrs. W. Sanford Alley, Mrs. and Miss Ross, Mrs. Baker, Dr. and Mrs. Vaux, and the Misses Vaux of Toronto, and Mr. Harry Evans of Winnipeg, who is much welcomed by Toronto friends, to whom he is paying a flying visit.

Mr. Austin of "Spadina" returned on Friday from England, where he was placing his young daughter at school. Mrs. Austin has not been away from home.

Mr. and Mrs. Perceval Ridout, who are living in Paris this winter, have not, although absent from Toronto, escaped the discipline of illness which has secluded many of their Toronto friends and relatives. Mrs. Ridout and her little daughter, Leonie, have been attacked by measles, which proved very serious in the little daughter's case, and from which both are recovering slowly. Toronto friends will be glad to hear of their complete convalescence and trust soon to do so.

Miss Malloch of Ottawa and Miss Dora Labatt of London were the charming visitors in town to meet whom Miss Birdie Warren invited a few friends at the tea hour on Wednesday. On the same afternoon Mrs. Scott (nee Thom) of Rosedale gave a tea for Miss Guthrie of Guelph and Miss Smith of St. John. Another tea given in honor of a lovely visitor was Mrs. Temple's for her daughter, Mrs. Atkinson, who, with her little daughter, is up from Quebec on a visit to her parents. I think Wednesday's tea was the first given in Dr. Temple's new home in Bloor street, and everyone was saying nice things about the new home, which has carried north the traditions of Simcoe street, and has already put off the newness which detracts from utter comfort. Mrs. Temple received in the drawing-room with her daughter, Mrs. Atkinson, who looked as beautiful as ever in a dainty pink dress. Miss E. Reeves, and some others were in the tea room, and dispensed many good things from a table centered with a perfect sunburst of golden daffodils. Three little maids, who were full of fun, were little Miss Temple and her two nieces, Miss Atkinson and Miss Temple of Spadina avenue; they are all about of a size and not a very large size. Dr. Charlie Temple's daughter being the funniest little person imaginable. There were many guests at this tea, which was a scene of continuous going and coming, as Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Graham and the two hostesses elsewhere mentioned as entertaining on Wednesday had claims on the same set as were at Mrs. Temple's tea.

Mrs. Graham gave a quite delightful small tea on Wednesday for Mrs. Miller of Texas, who has been the guest of Mrs. W. H. B. Atkins for some weeks, and who returns to her southern home with a capital impression of a real Canadian winter, rudely interrupted by last Saturday's wonderful climatic escapade, when a change of forty degrees was sprung upon too confiding driving, skating, and hockey circles. Mrs. Graham's tea was a very informal and sociable affair, indeed, and thoroughly enjoyable. The guest of honor looked very sweet in a becoming white gown and hat. In the dining-room some girl friends of the young daughter of the house, Miss Lucille, served tea. Mrs. Percy Smith, Miss Atkins, and Miss Graham assisted in the drawing-room.

Mrs. J. Bulger of Huron street gave an evening progressive on Monday, on which date Mr. and Mrs. Bulger celebrated their crystal wedding anniversary. Very pretty decorations in pink flowers and shaded lights were arranged to add attraction to the event, which was very much enjoyed by their friends.

On Wednesday afternoon of last week at Chatham, Ont., the marriage of Dr. Charles C. Bell, eldest son of His Honor Judge Bell, and Miss Grace McDonald, was celebrated, Rev. J. J. Ross of London officiating. Dr. A. J. Mackenzie of Toronto was best man and Miss Mabel Shaw was bridesmaid. Dr. and Mrs. Bell will make their home in Chatham.

Rev. Mr. Patterson of Embro was in Toronto for a short visit and remained over Sunday.

The Mendelssohn Choir have again swept the board and scored their usual triumph. Their great imported attraction, the Pittsburgh Orchestra, conducted by Victor Herbert, was perfectly charming in manner and matter. Such exquisite singing and playing appeals to the real music lovers in our town and in other towns as well. There wasn't a place for a late ticket! On Wednesday evening, from the balcony to the ceiling the big auditorium was packed, the boxes were full, the wall was held up by a patient "standing committee." The soloist of Wednesday evening spoke to the hearts of the listeners with the full, mellow notes of a superb cello splendidly played. Herbert's own arrangement and composition gave great interest to more than one number. Herr Vogt was given the usual ovation in recognition of the standard he has reached with his choir, a standard so high that many say it is really at the top. The verdict of a busy man of affairs after the concert, as he breathed a deep sigh of gratification and content, was: "I can very well sleep on that." The concerts of Thursday and Saturday had most interesting and delightful programmes and were worthy of the first one.

A very beautiful home in upper St. George street is that of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boeckh, and the gem of its many attractions in the manner of decoration of the octagon dining-room by Mr. George A. Reid. Mr. Reid has devoted to each panel a suggestion of the source of the substantial and luxuries which belong to the room of feasting. The fruit panel has an orchard softly veiled in October golden misty light, and a pile of ruddy apples gathered by children, a woman standing with them beside their harvest. Another panel shows in soft distance a sportsman tramping over open ground. Again a field of grain, with children sitting on its border amid an azure of cornflowers. Each delicate scene is the softest and most beautiful little picture and the effect is quite lovely. A ceiling of palest blue flecked with soft cloudlets and here and there a bird on the wing finishes the room, which is really a gem. The house is replete with comfort and quiet luxury and the many friends of its master and mistress heartily wish them long and happy years of occupancy. Mrs. Boeckh receives on Fridays.

On next Tuesday Mrs. Chadwick of Lamm will give a tea in honor of Mrs. Robert Smith, who is visiting her.

Mrs. Law was the hostess of a young people's dance last evening, which was looked forward to with much pleasure by the guests, and doubtless fully met their expectations.

A delightful luncheon and "bridge party" was on at the Hunt Club on Wednesday at which a coterie of the smartest women in town were present.

Miss Vickers entertained in her studio in Toronto street on Thursday afternoon, when a number of friends enjoyed a look at her recent work and a cup of good tea.

In the fog, wet and rain of last Saturday, there was one bright and delightful spot down town, the Rolling Players' club-room being filled with jolly people, and some excellent singing being added to the dainty afternoon tea. It is a fascinating place, that Japanese sanctum, and is now almost too small for the Saturday gathering which is so popular. The waitresses in Japanese costume are indefatigable. Miss Norah Sullivan, who has charge of the tea-booth, was ill on Saturday, and a bright volunteer, Miss Maisie Tyrrell, filled her busy post. I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan have taken up their residence with Mrs. Sullivan in St. Vincent street.

The visit of the Henry Miller company brought back to Toronto a young actor whose representations always please and interest a great many. Mr. Douglas Paterson was good in his role this week.

Miss Houston gave a very pleasant tea on Tuesday at her brother, Mr. Stewart Houston's, home. A few of the guests who enjoyed the informal event were Mrs. Robinson of Beverley House and Miss Christobel Robinson, Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly and Miss Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mrs. Payne, Mr. and Mrs. LeMesurier, Miss Todd, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Plumb, Dr. Lang, Mrs. G. P. Reid, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mrs. McInnes, Mr. Stromberg, the Misses Boulton, Colonel Stimson.

Mrs. Charles Fuller and her daughters received the Rosedale Dancing and Card Club on Tuesday evening. A progressive game preceded a nice supper, which was served from a buffet in the dining-room.

Mrs. Alfred Wright gave a very jolly little seven-hand euchre on Tuesday for her guest, Miss Maud Burnham of Port Hope. The prizes were won by Miss Alice Fuller and Mr. Harry McMillan. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Wil-

son, Miss Aimee Falconbridge, Mr. Young and Mr. Morrison from Stanley Barracks, Miss Matthews, Miss Nicol, Miss Lamport, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Cambie, Mr. O'Flynn.

A pleasant evening at St. Monica's School was on this week when Miss Phillpotts and her students welcomed their friends and all the young people enjoyed a delightful dance and supper, which latter was served from a buffet done in the school colors, yellow and red.

Miss Shaw Hellier is the guest of Mrs. J. B. Strathly and Miss Strathly, 17 Walmer road. Miss Shaw Hellier gives her second lecture for the Viavi Company on Shrove Tuesday night at eight o'clock in the Confederation Life Building. The lecture is free.

Mr. and Mrs. William Parsons were hosts of a very pleasant "progressive" on Monday evening at their home in Rosedale. Among the guests were Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Shoenberger, Mr. and Mrs. Rowan Kerland, Mr. and Mrs. James Tower Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Denholm Burns, Mrs. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Bond, and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Burns.

Mrs. Stratton, who has been spending some time in town, received on Wednesday in the Speaker's Chambers at Parliament Buildings. The little lady looked very well in grey brocade, with guimpe of white lace and touches of black velvet, the handsome gown lightened by a pretty corsage bouquet of pink roses. An intimate friend, Mrs. Claude Fox, assisted in the reception-room and a bevy of pretty girls served tea from a buffet done in daffodils and center of silk of the same sunny tint. Among the attendants were Miss Annie Miel, Miss Alice Carveth, Miss Lister, Miss Hills, Miss Ross and Miss Adelaide Myles. Mrs. Stratton has returned to her home in Peterboro'.

Mrs. Ralph Young of Bernard avenue is giving a Shrove Tuesday euchre party. Mrs. Dunstan of Jarvis street gave an evening for the debut of her daughter this week. Mrs. Parry of Spadina avenue gave a matinee euchre this week.

A very smart and happy event was the At Home of the Hya Yaka Club in connection with the Dental College, which came off with much eclat in St. George's Hall on Wednesday evening. The officers and patronesses led a grand march to open the festivities. The name of the club means something I have not yet fathomed, but when I tried to say it I thought I was having a tooth pulled.

Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston gave one of Thursday's most enjoyable teas, and as usual her beautiful home was the rendezvous of plenty of smart people. Beside the pleasant welcome, the good cheer and the congenial company, there is such a collection of artistic and quaint china in the Johnston home that ceramic fiends go quite green with envy. A lovely bright day was the gift of the gods to the many tea-goers on Thursday.

Last Saturday many a timorous soul decided that there was too much gripe about to venture upon the long trip to Davenport Hill, where in their fine conservatories, Colonel and Mrs. Pellatt were to receive the Driving Club. The Driving Club decided that fair guests would risk a good deal and most of them were valiantly sure until noon that the "wind would change" or something of the sort. Some even arrived at the rendezvous and drove up to the conservatories, where quite a number dropped in for tea later in the day. To-day there will be a meet at the Guns, and at time of writing no changes seem likely to interfere with the success of the very smart and sporty function. The Master was to have had the honor of driving Miss Elise Clark to Mrs. Pellatt's tea last Saturday, but as she was suffering from a cold she was not able to go out. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark drove out, however, and Miss Clark was one of Colonel Stimson's guests on the four-in-hand. Others were Miss Evelyn Mackenzie of Montreal, Miss Seymour, Mr. Shanly and Dr. Lang. Some fifty friends whom Mrs. Pellatt had invited to tea came out, and despite the hard climatic conditions, felt amply repaid when the beauty of the flowers dawned upon them. Everything was in rare bloom and I hear the tea may be an annual "fixture," though, like Easter, it is not a fixed val, governed not by the full moon, but the full bloom.

"Got the gripe?" enquired a man of his best girl as she refused to brave a bad day. "No, not yet. I am giving those microbes a run for their money. I am one lap ahead." "Whose lap?" thundered the startled man-person.

Mr. D. W. Alexander has been in Winnipeg for a week on business. Miss Grace Alexander is with Mrs. Alexander on a little visit during his absence.

Mr. Alec Mackenzie went to Chicago on Tuesday.

Mrs. Acton Burrows gave a progressive euchre for her daughter Blair's young friends and some of her own friends as well on Friday evening at her home in Bedford road.

Mrs. Chapman of Colerne Lodge, who has also a debutante daughter this season, is giving a tea to present her to her friends on next Monday afternoon.

Mr. John Dick renewed his tenancy of the Arnoldi residence, 37 North street, last year. Mrs. Dick is giving a tea on Monday from half-past four to seven o'clock. Miss Muriel is one of the front-runners who evinces no eagerness to be "out" and is still busy with her studies and sports.

The Toronto Conservatory String Quartette give their concert on Shrove Tuesday evening in Conservatory Hall at a quarter past eight.

This afternoon Dr. Ham will give a musical in Convocation Hall, Trinity College, at half-past three, to precede the usual course of Lenten lectures on Saturdays.

Monsieur and Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere and their children are leaving next week for several months' visit in France and Germany. During the absence of its owners, La Futale, the Rochereau residence in Jarvis street, will be let to friends. The party sail on the "Bretagne" direct to Havre. Mr. and Mrs. Pack sail for England on the 12th of March for a three months' visit.

Among the throng who invaded Massey Hall betimes on Wednesday evening I caught a glimpse of an artist friend, Mr. Williamson, who has, I hear, forsaken Holland after many years' residence, and intends to remain in Toronto.

A very fine audience greeted Miss Mabel Hicks at her piano recital in St. George's Hall on Monday, and the programme fulfilled their expectations. I was prevented from being present, so can only take the word of several musical people as to its excellence, and congratulate so thorough and earnest an artist on her success.

A dance in "Residence" was given by Miss Denzil and the students in residence last evening. It promised a very enjoyable time to those fortunate enough to be bidden.

The dance in the "Varsity Gym last week was a very pleasant and successful affair and enjoyed by a large party of the students' friends. Mrs. Mortimer Clark and Miss Elise Clark were the guests of the committee, and in the opening Lancers Miss Elise danced with Professor McLellan. Miss Loudon, a debutante, looked very well. The floor was in good order and the Gym was nicely decorated in "Varsity colors. Supper was served in the usual room upstairs. Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Squair and Mrs. Hunter received.

At Miss Vickers's studio on Thursday I saw quite a gathering of society people. Mrs. Mortimer Clark and the Misses Clark honored the clever young artist, and among others admiring the wonderful display of all sorts of work were Lady Edgar, Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, Mrs. Catnach, Miss Hughes, Mr. W. W. Vickers, Mr. Garrett, Mr. and Miss Sullivan, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mrs. J. E. Elliott and Miss Fuller. Many others dropped in later.

Mrs. Villiers Sankey has been isolated from all her friends by the diphtheria which has afflicted her family. All are now quite well.

Mrs. Otter had a few friends for tea on Thursday.

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- White Thibet Boas, regular \$6.50, for... \$4.85

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THE busy days before Lent generally crowd into their waning hours a conglomeration of social odds and ends of entertaining which have been left unattended to throughout the season. There is, in addition to this, a winter which calls for the younger set to rejoice in unusual chances for enjoying not the half-defunct sports which have been languishing through other winters of variable and exasperating weather. Needless to say the social world is busy beyond compare. The debutantes rush from luncheon to rink, from rink to tea, from tea to sleighing party, outdoor and indoor engagements jostling each other, apologies for short skirts raining upon hostesses, extra wraps piled ready for the toboggan or "bob" or drive party. One young girl had a satchel in which was packed a soft crepe gown and slippers for the dinner which was sandwiched between two clashing engagements. "I don't care if I am going sliding after and skating before—I like to look nice at the dinner, and so I am going to look nice at a friend's next door," she said, as she set her satchel on the car seat.

This week the three splendid concerts given by the Mendelssohn Choir and the Pittsburgh Orchestra filled up the measure of engagements to the brim. The brief return visit of Forbes Robertson for a bit of Shakespeare and an encore of the "Light That Failed," made the three last evenings extra full of interest. On Monday afternoon, several tens, none of them large, were given for girls by girls, but one at least, quite of an informal nature, was also artistic to a degree, introducing a very sweet young pianist, Miss Lora Newman, whose absence through illness was so much deplored at Mrs. Macklem's last tea, that the hostess again invited a few friends to hear and meet her young artist. Miss Newman, who has been for years in Vienna, devoted to music, is one of the most attractive of girls, and her playing struck me as particularly dainty and sweet. It is the very perfect quality for the salon, and she seems to have a wonderful memory and an earnestness which is always so convincing to her hearers. In a soft little white silk dress, with her pretty bright hair simply coiled under a white toque, and two running curls nestling at the nape of her neck, Miss Lora Newman was quite as pretty as her playing. A few of those who enjoyed and complimented the young girl were Mrs. Ramsay, Wright and her lovely young niece, Miss Christie, Mrs. Walter S. Andrews, Mrs. Denison of Rusholme and the Misses Denison, Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Tower, and Miss Macklem, Miss Hamilton, Miss Hahn, Miss Tyrrell, Miss Dreischer Adams, played one or two very fine violin solos during the impromptu musical, which was followed by a cosy cup of tea and accompanying goodies served in the dining-room. Miss Lora Newman has gone to all her engagements, and after a return engagement resultant on the very favorable impression she made there recently.

Mrs. Robert O'Hara has removed from Church street and taken apartments at Inglewood, 233 Jarvis street, where her daughter and son (Geoffrey) are with her. For the information of friends who will be confused by the change in the number of her phone, I might note that it is now Main 2459.

Much kind sympathy is being expressed with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grantham on the loss of their baby boy, who died on Monday afternoon.

The Skating Club had a very jolly meeting on Tuesday afternoon, every one being on the qui vive for the carnival on Thursday night, which bid fair at time of writing to be a great success. On Tuesday fifty-eight skaters lined up for the grand march, which was led by Mr. and Mrs. Carrington Smith, and which finishes with a rush from end to end of the rink by the skaters "en masse" at top speed. Mr. Hardisty, who is one of the most powerful and daring skaters Toronto has ever seen, has been an ideal secretary this season, his quiet watchful care and courtesy being much appreciated by the Skating Club, where owing to the steady weather, there is much happiness this season. Even on last Saturday, day of rain and fog, there was a good crowd for the march. The graceful quadrille was practised by Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. Archie Campbell of Carbrook, Mr. and Mrs. Carrington Smith, Miss Dawson, Mr. Heward, Miss Pearl Macdonald and Mr. Bertie Cassels. This is the old-time famous Montreal lancers, which used to be the rage at the Victoria Rink there, and which was learned some years ago by Mrs. Smith and Miss Dawson, who as Dutch peasant girls were very fetching at the carnival on Thursday, and by them taught to Toronto skaters. Mrs. Harcourt Vernon was at the rink for the first time this season on Tuesday. A few others present were: Mrs. Sweeney, Mrs. Smith and Miss Dawson, Mrs. Kingsmill and Miss Pearl Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, Miss Gunther, Miss Hugel, Miss Phillips, Miss Elsie Riddell, Mr. and Miss Helen Cattanch, Miss Jessie Kingsmill, who with Miss Cattanch poured tea at five in the tea room upstairs. Mr. Worsley, Mr. Long, Mr. Bowen, Miss Keating, Miss Nesta Mackenzie, Mr. Percival Parker, Miss Reid, and many others.

Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp gave a huge crush on Friday of last week, at which the walls of her pretty home would have had every right to bulge, but fortunately they held firm, and it was the guests who got the result. Such a gathering of friends from far and near was a testimony to the regard felt by all for their hostess, who must have been assured of the fact, if she were in any doubt on the matter. Mrs. Tripp looked very nice in a glistening black gown, with dainty touches of white, and stood bravely the ordeal of hundreds of greetings and adieux. It was so jolly a tea that when the doors were perforce left open the coachmen in waiting on the sleighs exchanged grins and remarked, "They do seem to be enjoying themselves in there." The table was done in red. I had just one glimpse of it from the stairs, and it looked as pretty as possible, and there were white-robed maidens waiting upon those whom they could reach. The great rush was just about half-past five, but soon was over, and earlier or later-comers reaped their several rewards. Unfortunately, "there were

others," both teas and women, but amid the laughter and the chatter one heard nothing but happy notes, and though crowded, you know, there are crowds and crowds.

Mrs. Harry Patterson gave a very smart tea on February 4, Thursday of last week, which was also soon enlarged from the modest "little one," to which hostesses gently bid one, to the usual "large one," which hospitality evolves imperceptibly. Mrs. Patterson received in a very graceful and becoming white crepe de sole dress, and her guests of honor, Mrs. Ludlow Ogden of New York, in black velvet and hat with white, sweeping plume, and Mrs. Peplar of Barrie, in pale blue silk, with pretty laces and hat to match, were soon each the attraction of groups of old and new friends. Mrs. James Ince and Mrs. Archie Langmuir were in charge of the tea-table, with several girl assistants. Mrs. Ogden, a cousin of Mrs. Willie Ince, who was Susie Jones of Gananoque, is always the most attractive and animated of guests, and Mrs. Peplar, elder sister of Mrs. Fitzgibbon is, like the latter, charming. An exceedingly smart looking lot of Toronto's prettiest women were among Mrs. Patterson's guests. Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. Worthington, Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mrs. James, Mrs. Hollway, Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. W. Fleury, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. Harman, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Case, Mrs. Haydn Horsey, Mrs. Graham Thompson, the Misses Dupont, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Roger, and a number of pretty girls, were among the guests. Miss Creighton of Brantford was one of the prettiest of the younger set, and her return home has been much regretted.

Mrs. Rolland Hills gave a really delightful euchre on last Friday, February 5, in honor of Mrs. Stratton. The Hills' mansion, which I have termed "Government House" by mischievous young folks, is a spacious and elegant new residence, the very home for so hospitable and generous a host and hostess. The drawing-room of superb proportions held the party easily and in the dining-room they found after the game an exceedingly pretty table loaded with good things for their refreshment. The table was done in green and silver, with some pretty white tulips, the whole thing as artistic and pretty as one might expect where the daughters of the house are distinctly gifted in that line. In the drawing-room are several fine specimens of Miss Hill's skill in wood carving, and her sister has done a complete replica of the Gibson picture, as well as some very dainty burnt wood work, which is immensely clever, and forms a most interesting adornment for the walls of her sanctum. There are no idle hours for these two clever young people.

The Misses Matthews of Pembroke street and their very attractive guest, Miss Calvin of Kiers of the home, many of the smart affairs recently, and on Thursday of last week Mrs. Matthews gave a young people's euchre in honor of her daughter's guest. Most of the young girls were the first gate-coming from the rosebud garden for society's bouquet, the winsome debutantes of leap year!

Euchre parties have been given by Mrs. Chadwick and Mrs. Chadwick, in honor of the guests of the former, in honor of the latter, Mrs. Chadwick of Stratford, is now visiting Mrs. Chadwick at Lammar.

Mrs. George P. Reid gave a seven-hand euchre on Friday of last week, which was enjoyed by between thirty and forty guests, and followed by a very tempting and dainty five-o'clock-er, to which additional guests were bidden. Six pretty girls served the dainties and tea; they were Miss Reid, Miss Cox, Miss Vanisart, Miss Darling, Miss Burrows and Miss Warren. A few of the guests were Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, Mrs. Vansittart, Mrs. Cattanch, Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. Timmerman, Mrs. J. L. Dixon, Mrs. Plumb, Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. George Harman, Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. W. Fleury, Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Herbert Green, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Burritt, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Mowat, Mrs.

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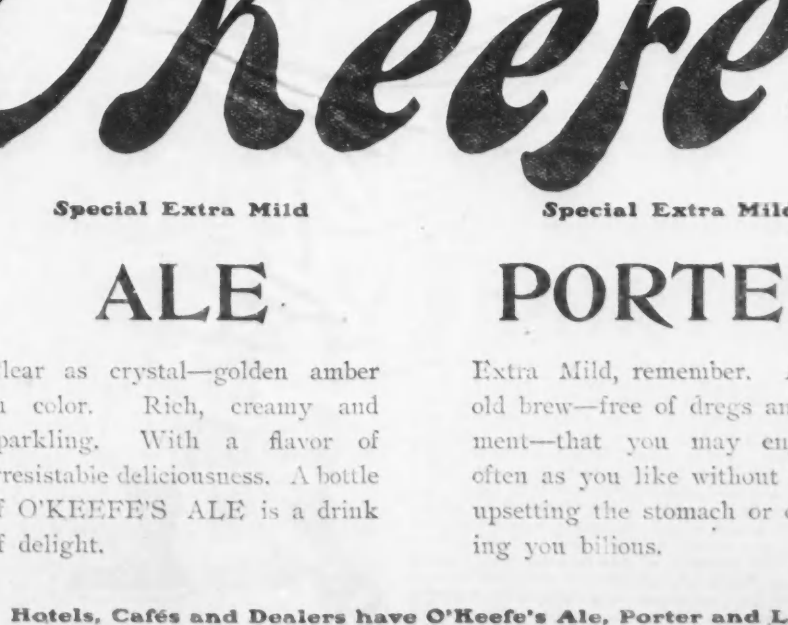
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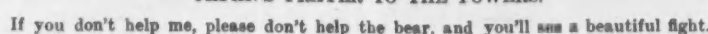


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Every man born in America is immensely in debt from the start to those who have fought and worked for what we call civilization. No man begins life without an inheritance; every man starts with a great capital of opportunity. But what a waste of opportunity and fortune is denied her in almost every art and science. Great actors have been many, but great actresses, or better say artists, are few, almost none. Mrs. Leslie Carter, a woman—lady born—not of a family of great actors, not born in the wings, to use theatrical parlance, not sent to dramatic school, where personality is sacrificed to elocution, but born into society in the highest sense of the word. What, then, was expected of this woman? She would fill a place at the top of hum-drum society, he mentioned Sunday in the papers, have an occasional picture in the social columns, and so more. Mrs. Carter's personality could not be hidden; she was a woman of independent mind. She decided upon the stage as a career, and she planned on it. She would stand alongside only the genius of portrayers. Her slogan was study and work. For years she labored with but two instructors—Belasco and nature. For years she knew not what fame was, and many said she would not meet the god Success.

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According to the Clinton, Mo., "Herald," the following notice was recently found tacked on the door of a local church: "There will be preaching in this house a week from next Wednesday, 'Providence permittin', and there will be preaching whether or no on Monday following upon the subject, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned at three-thirty in the afternoon.'"



Taking a long tramp through,—“Pick-Me-Up.”



## By the Way.

By CANADIENNE.

Of all cranks, the person who is constantly telling his friends what should be eaten and what should not be eaten is the most uncomfortable. Just as you are stirring the whipped cream into the coffee and admiring the color, he plaintively inquires, "Don't you find coffee bad for the nerves?" When there is placed before you a dish of half a dozen fried oysters with satisfactory odors oozing from every oyster, he remarks with gloom, "I suppose you read that article last week about oysters being the cause of typhoid fever?" The climax comes when he gazes deprecatingly at the broiled salmon with its lemon decorations and breathes the awful information that the devouring of fish is the beginning of leprosy. In the good old days we never heard of appendicitis and were just as virtuous and happy as we are now, swallowing cherry-pits, grape-seeds and even plum stones with a cheerful disregard of the operating-table and the surgeon's little account, "To removing one appendix." But now we are haunted by the thought of what may happen if just a simple orange-seed goes wrong. However, other sages have arisen to declare that the seed theory is all astray and that beef-steak, bananas and, above all, the beguiling ham sandwich, are the cause of this disease which respects neither persons nor corporations. The safest and most sensible course is to go ahead and eat whatever you fancy—germs and all. My own impression is that microbes make very good eating and give a certain flavor to the viands that nothing else would supply. Microbes won't hurt you at all unless you are afraid of them. Wherefore, let us eat roast beef, fresh tomatoes and the pearly oyster whenever we can get them, for the life is more than microbes or meat.

So, there is a real war again and the papers are full of names which are enough to give the innocent citizen a nightmare. Just think of arising from peaceful slumber to learn that those clever little Japs sneaked into the outer roads of the fortress of Port Arthur and damaged the Russian battleships Retvizan and Cesarevitch, to say nothing of the cruiser Pallada! I have been told of an exceedingly strange dialogue that is said to have taken place on a Toronto street car last Tuesday evening, and I was solemnly assured of its truth. The following is the account:

First Citizen—I wonder if Conmee has lost anything by this Port Arthur business.

Second Citizen—What's Conmee got to do with it?

First Citizen—Well, I've always understood that he owned considerable property about Port Arthur, and I see that there's been trouble there.

Second Citizen—Oh, you're thinking of Baltimore. There's been a big fire there and oysters are to go up.

The San Francisco "Argonaut," which is one of the papers that make the week brighter, has been giving the opinions of certain prominent Californians regarding the two most interesting and pleasurable books read during 1903. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" has an honored place, while in fiction it is worthy of note that the works of Joseph Conrad are highly esteemed, especially by Jack London and other writers of short stories. The group of three stories called "Youth" fell into my hands last April and since then I have read everything I could find by Joseph Conrad. He opens the door to a wonderful world of sea mystery and magic. You set forth on the voyage, and whether you will or not, you must go to the very ends of the earth with this adventurous skipper. He has been compared to Kipling, whom he resembles in strength and extraordinary vividness. But Conrad is no imitator. He has a style and a story all his own, and happy are they who fall under his spell. "Youth" is perhaps the most glowing picture he has painted—the very East, as the romantic soul of youth conceives it. The glances of early ambition and hope rest upon every league of the voyage, and even lights the table round which the returned travelers gather. "The End of His Tether" is almost heart-breaking, but the pathos is too sternly simple to have anything but the true ring of human struggle and defeat. "Falk" is good, "Typhoon" is bewildering, "Lord Jim" has a grip that is compelling, but "Youth" is the best of them all.

There is a Browning Club in Toronto that has been listening to interesting papers through many seasons. There have been rumors of a Shakespeare Club, and the Tennyson Club is in its second year, under the presidential care of Mr. Pelham Edgar. At the February meeting of the Browning Club, there was a most interesting exhibition of Mr. Edgar's pictures, which had been taken from the collection of J. C. Saul of the "Educational Monthly." These, as each Tennysonian scene or portrait was fessed over, James by reference or quotation connected it with the life and writings of the late laureate. Such collections of pictures are not often found in this new country, and are still more seldom exhibited. The Tennyson evening is for interest the Dickens exhibition, which will not be sold the gotten by those who are old-fashioned enough to prize the author of "David Copperfield" dearer than Correll or Caine.

There is hardly a more pathetic figure than Eugenie, empress of the Second French Empire, who stood last month at the death-bed of an ancient ruler—Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, one of the most brilliant women of the French court. No romance could be more strange, more dramatic than the true story of Eugenie de Montijo, the beautiful Spanish girl who knew all the glory of an Empire, the loss of exile and unbounded and who felt all the bitterness of the unfortunate reversion. Queen Victoria's friendship for the woman who was bereaved of her only son, was characteristic of England's greatest queen. By one of the queer turns that the "whirligig of Time brings in," the Prince Imperial died fighting for the England which the great Napoleon had found his bitterest foe. And now Eugenie, dethroned, bereaved of husband and son, stands as the only one left of the brilliant group that made the Second Empire a dazzling interlude in French history.

## Confetti.

The man who never makes mistakes never makes anything.—"Maltbie D. Babcock."

In the old days a man fought for his home and hearth, now he fights for his home and radiators.—"Life."

"Sorr, did you iver have onendin' divilment an' nothin' to pay for it in your life, sorr?" "Never without havin' to pay," I said.—"Courtin' of Dinah Shadd."

So in every part and corner of our life, to lose one's self is to be the gainer, to forget one's self is to be happy.—"Memories and Portraits."

Youth is the time to go flashing from one end of the world to the other both in mind and body; to try the manners of different nations; to hear the chimes at midnight; to see sunrise in town and country; to be converted at a revival; run a mile to see a fire, or wait all day long in the theatre.—"Crabbed Age and Youth."

We know the very worst that can happen to us, but we do not know the best that love can bring us.—"Children of the Zodiac."

The soil that will permit of no voices is too poor to grow healthy virtues.—"Smart Set."

The verb to wait is not in the lovers' lexicon.—"The Savor of the Salt."

I'm not denyin' that women are foolish; but the Lord Almighty made them to match the men.—"Adam Bede."

A husband's jealousies, my dear, are the mushrooms on the beef-steak of matrimony.—"The Silver Poppy."

So he was indifferent to praise or blame, as befit the very greatest.—"The Head of the District."

## At Night in Winter Woods.

Nothing is more delightful than a snowshoe trip under the stars. There is a solemnity, a voiceless beauty about the winter woods at night that enfolds one. It is then that the spirits of the pine trees draw near—they seem like friends as we touch them in passing and pause to look again at some lovely bough weighted with its snow covering. At every turn there is some new beauty that causes one to catch one's breath as the senses seize and keep the revelation. The sky is a wonderful grey half tones, infinite gradations of minor tints blending into deeper coloring, for the clouds that harmonize with the stainless loveliness of the snow and the dark strength and beauty of the pines. In the south is a

glimmer of star drift and over the white hill dark, bare branches of trees are thrown in relief against the light from the city that illumines the grey in the north-west. Down hill-sides and through little spotless gullies we go—the wind sometimes sweeping down a hillside and throwing whirls of spray-snow in our faces. The familiar woods seem strange and new to us. We have gone this way innumerable times before, but the white snow mantle has wrought vast changes and the conditions are all different.

The trip has a tonic effect on our bodies and new memories of wide open spaces of white, of tall trees, of a wondrous grey sky with a star looking through, are stored away in our mind. Besides this the sacred, spiritual beauty of the winter woods at night has added to our capital of serenity and we go home filled with "pleasurable content" and well satisfied with our experience.

GLADYS BACON.

## How I Robbed my Friends.

It's not a nice thing to admit, I'll agree, but rob my friends I did, and this is how I did it. Alfred's wife was rusticated where by night the cotton whitens beneath the stars and the tobacco catches the quick aroma of the rains, and Stuart and I were helping him keep "bach" during the interval of her absence from that country where, like the snow, too much money lies piled up in banks. On the night before Alfred started for Detroit to meet his "Adrian's rib" returning, he very generously invited us to partake of a "farewell" at the King Edward. Stuart and I of course acquiesced, quicker than light travels on the wings of the morning, always having handy a cavity to fill in our Department of the Interior. The meal was no fad, and with the trimmings proved as soothing to us as a hypodermic needle. Then we separated, I bidding Alfred as tender a farewell as Anthony ever extended to Cleopatra, and jumped a Belt Line car to embrace an opportunity of pressing importance.

Stuart accompanied Alfred to his home in Avenue road. They retired fairly early in consequence of catching the morning train for Detroit, which, like some "race horses I have known," is hoping to get there yet. As I am not writing my "personal recollections," suffice it to say that my pressing engagement kept me pretty busy in the north-west corner of the Belt Line until close to that hour when the arm aches and sentiment and poetry are beginning to burn low, and policemen are found asleep on doorsteps.

Finally, girding my mantle about me and humming "A Day's March Nearer Home," I proceeded to sweep the horizon with the night glass I had just been given, in hope of sighting that desire of nations—a night car, but no such sight gladdened my Quiller-like optics.

What was I to do, living about 'steen miles from where snowflakes were doing their best to trick me as they had tricked Sweet Lucy Grey as she crossed the wild? I pitied poor Lucy, and then I began to pity myself, and following along this plane of elevated inspiration showing a sublime conception of human life, a thought pregnant with promise struck me. Instead of wearing out my costly shoes walking home, I would cut over to Avenue road and stay with Alfred and Stuart. Satisfied with this solution and wondering how many flakes of snow had fallen since midsummer, or what the firmament was doing, I allowed by twenty ounces of grey matter to cease thinking, and that being idle, Old Nick immediately got as busy as a bee, and in a twinkling I was in the last crack of doom.

Arriving at Alfred's, I silently drew forth my trusty latch-key (not a tooth-pick) and entering, passed noiselessly as a ship in the night to the kitchen, where I secured out of the table drawer Alfred's revolver, which his wife uses for driving nails with. Then I crept upstairs with a nudge and a smile, and worth a rating at Bradstreet's, for fear Stuart, who is a big fellow, might surprise me, and pulling the cap I wore well down and my black muffer well up over my face, boldly entered their room and turned on the electric light. There lay Alfred and Stuart, fast asleep, looking for all the world like the two Twins, with a "I am tired, I have played in the sun faces. It shade; I have seen the flowers fade" look on their faces. They really seemed worse than Ireland's grievances, so I sood up, but Old Nick kept telling me I needed the "shout" out of the old pistol in that Henry Irving style, "I'm a tough guy, so shell out, do y' see, I need a dive for me." I was looking closely the while that Stuart did not utter a word.

"Where's yer money?" I demanded bravely, holding the voice awfully well.

"We haven't any," said bills in my pocket, if they're barrel of his empty rags, his lanky form completely submerged.

"I've a lot of money," I said, and I want yer 't' dued, and my eyes flashed such fire that made the

understand the sizzle. Alfred handed over \$25 and his

bedstead, which I got another \$7 out of Stuart's

garters, and a package of cigarettes, trembling the while lest

he should jump up and make a pike for your truly. Of the

two evils, I would rather have the City Hall fall on me than

have Stuart land on me.

"Now youse fellers just stay in bed and don't make a noose

ence o' yerselves or I'll bore yer one if yer bother me, see? I

wish yer joy forevermore. Yer not a bad pair o' guys," said

I, departing downstairs, leaving the light burning in case

Stuart decided to give me a chase, and spending twenty

minutes smoking Stuart's cigarettes and hustling around the

block to keep warm, I walked briskly back to Alfred's again.



A Valentine.

Villanelle.

This—a valentine to her  
Who, unknowing, hath possessed  
All my heart—her worshipper.

Oh, her laugh is like the stir  
Of May rain where violets rest;  
This—a valentine to her.

And her voice is sweet as myrrh—  
With vague dreams yet unconfessed  
All my heart her worshipper.

Not for me to wake her—blur  
That girl calmness of her breast;  
This—a valentine to her.

Unknown would I minister  
To her shrine my mute heart's best—  
All my heart her worshipper.

So, a nameless wanderer  
Comes this song to be her guest.  
This—a valentine to her.

All my heart her worshipper.  
THEODOSIA GARRISON.

No longer—  
sonable apologies.  
I found them dazed and almost dressed, preparatory to going over to No. 5 to report their loss. Their story horrified me, and I was congratulating myself on being a "real factor," when just then the Gods of Luck forsook me. In taking off my overcoat carelessly, Alfred's revolver dropped to the floor with a loud clatter and the game was all over but the shouting. I meekly handed back the swag, and in doing so only said "I would stab the villain to the heart, only that villain is myself."

THE BARON.

## The Lack of a Period.

Do not punctuate a telegram, or at least, having punctuated it, do not omit the period. An amusing instance of this occurred some years ago in the case of a well-known Western lawyer. He had gone on a trip to the coast with a party of railway magnates and literary men—a combination often seen by the way—and a few days after his departure his partner received this telegram:

"Please send at once old dress suit pants in trunk beside bed."

"Now what do you suppose he wants his old dress suit pants for?" said the partner to me.

"Probably the party is investigating some coal mine and he wants to descend, or possibly he intends to do some mountain climbing and prefers to scuff his old dress suit trousers rather than those of the business clothes he is wearing."

"Perhaps so," returned the partner, "but it seems queer to me. He surely has more suitable things than those. However, there is nothing to do but to hustle up to his house and get them, so as to catch to-day's express."

By dint of the said hustle, the pants were duly despatched west that afternoon, and, as the coat and waistcoat were not in the trunk with the trousers, the supposition was that they had been disposed of. Nothing more was thought of the in-

cident for a long time. The absent member of the party, however, was not so easily satisfied. "What in thunder," he said, "suppose because a man is supposed to be in his shirt-sleeves goes to dinner in his shirt-sleeves? I am scarcely conventional, even in what you thought I was going to do in my shirt-sleeves. I am not yet a shirt-waist man—at least not on the sabbath, anyway."

The word astonishment expresses our feelings. Paralyzed comes nearer the mark. We got out that telegram, and scanned it, puzzled; then a light dawned on us. This was how the message had been written:

"Please send at once old dress suit. Pants in trunk beside bed."

It seems the coat was hanging in its accustomed place in the closet, but, fearing difficulty in finding the nether garments, the owner of them had thought it well to be specific in his telegram as to their whereabouts. As the situation dawned on us fully—how, all for the lack of a period, we had made such a ridiculous blunder, and, as we thought of the probable ejaculation of the recipient of the parcel when he gazed on the expected trousers, but looked in vain for the rest of the suit, we broke into hilarious mirth. It was really too funny to be grieved over, and all the sympathy he received from his partner was, "Never punctuate a telegram, old man. But, if it's as hot in Vancouver as it is here, you should be glad of an excuse to discard anything." E. M. P.

## New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

THE local effort to boom Judge Parker for a Presidential candidate at the Manhattan Club dinner the other night, was more significant in revealing the "American" love of the spectacular than in discovering any popular or deep-rooted sentiment in favor of course—at the dinner-table—but the echoes apparently died away within the four walls of the festive room, and only the early morning editions caught them. New York has discussed three names that it would submit to the Democratic convention, and the friends of each neglect no opportunity to test public opinion in behalf of their respective choices. The McClellan dinner went up in cigar smoke and the enthusiasts of the young Mayor have realized that their expectations were much too sanguine, and are since content to bask in the glory already won for their favorite. Hearst in certain parts of the York this champion of democracy is nowhere taken seriously except in his own paper.

And now that the Parker effort has ended so dismally, the truth becomes again too apparent that no candidate, local or otherwise, has so much as touched the note of popularity. And as for a national chord, this can be struck by the name of one man only. It is just the uncertainty as to what the final answer will be of this sphinx-like imperturbable man, who by his mere silence and inscrutability seems to touch the imagination in a way that no amount of volubility—even the sweet volubility of Bryan, say—could ever hope to do, that makes it impossible to turn seriously in quest of another aspirant. Cleveland still remains the solitary hope of the Democratic party, and the sole dread of the present Administration, with House. That much is conceded. Cleveland—Roosevelt! What a battle for the Presidency!

The most delightful comedy in many a day is that of Pierre Wolff's, "The Secret of Polichinella," now running in this city. It is a sweet, wholesome comedy that turns on the French law parents' consent. This law the son of the Juvenals has violated by marrying a pretty young English girl, and so successful arrive on the scene of the transgression they find a delightful little grandson of four years old to boot. The old father of course feels it necessary to be incensed, and the comedy is provided in the situation of the dear old father, who is the French text. Of course that is hardly to be expected, but the result is something very new and quite refreshing—as comedies go.

Richard Harding Davis' play, "Ranson's Folly," is as full of spirit and action as a tale of the frontier should be. There are not many dull moments in the piece, at least not until the end of it; but alas! this is surely dull enough to damn anything of less literary consequence eternally. Ranson, the son of a New York millionaire, has acquired a taste for army life through service in Cuba and the Philippines, and unable to return to the normal life of towns, seeks and is assigned a military post in the West. The activity he expected is not there, of course, and there is nothing to do but fall in love with Mary, the post trader's daughter, which he does honestly and earnestly enough. This goes very well until a telegram brings the tidings that Mrs. Post and her daughter, bringing with them the environment of wealthy New York, are already on their way to visit the son and brother. Ranson gets up a ball in their honor and his folly consists in making a bet—though for what purpose is not too plain—that he will disguise himself as Red Rider, a daring marauder, hold up the coach in which his mother and sister are traveling, rob Miss Post, dance with her at the ball, and then reveal the practical joke. Unfortunately the coach is actually held up by the real Red Rider, the paymaster shot and Government funds appropriated. Circumstances are rather against Ranson, and he seems to be in a tight place all round. However, he clears himself eventually, before being either hanged or shot—as the hero of a Western tale should be.

The Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner combination has been a disappointment. Perhaps too much was expected, but it is something to the credit of public taste that disappointing as the performances were, the engagement was a distinct success in every other way. Ada Rehan, at one time the inimitable "Lady Teazle," is down and out. There are still the remains of an artist, fragments of old-time grandeur, touches of grace and finished elocution, but a ruin withal. Her Katharine was a shrew of the fishwife order at times, and a possible one only in moments. Otis Skinner apparently has not quite rid himself of the atmosphere of frontier life into which he ventured last year by way of the melodrama. His Petruchio, for instance, was a thorough-going Westerner—a cowboy riding rough shod over the few decencies of civilized life. Petruchio is not an ordinary gallant of course, but his roughness is assumed and there is the Italian gentleman of birth and breeding withal. This week we are to have Viola Allen in Twelfth Night, and it is to be hoped that Shakespeare will have a chance. J. E. W.

## Made Some Reservation.

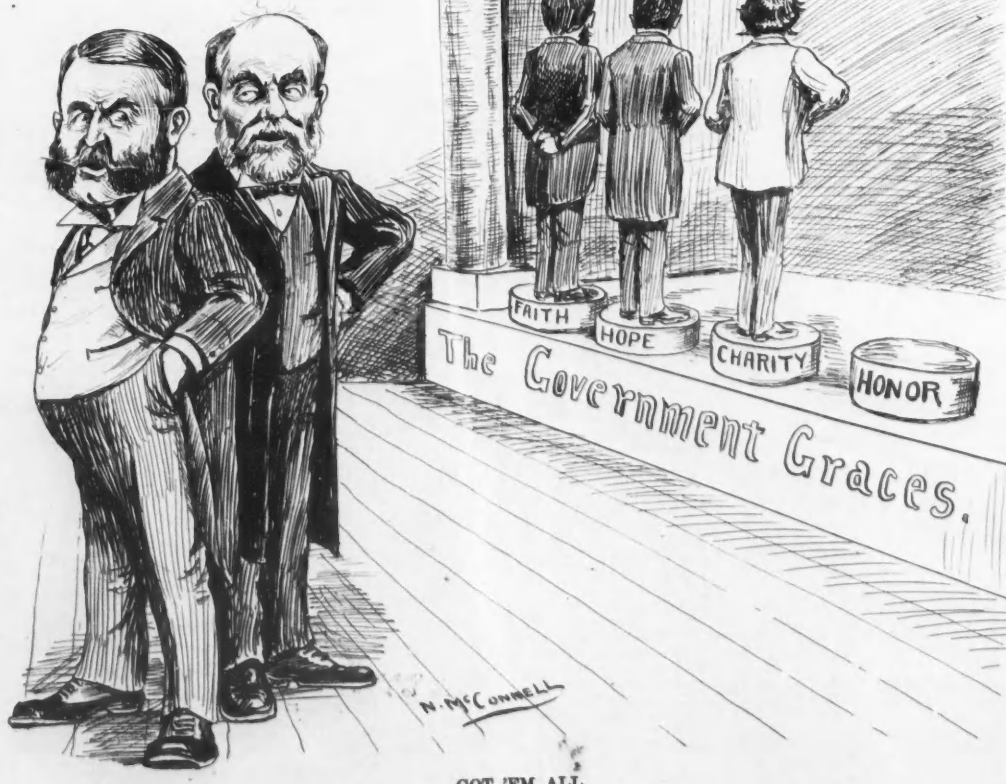
A man who bought stock in a co.  
Inquired if its value would go.  
They told them it could,  
And it probably would  
Provided the price didn't slo.—"Life."

## His Yearn.

Poor Feebles (about to be operated on for appendicitis)—  
Doctor, before you begin I wish you would send and have our  
pastor, the Reverend Mr. Harps, come over.  
Dr. Cutter—Certainly, if you wish it, but—ah!—  
"I'd like it to be opened with prayer."

Here is Secretary Hay's apothegm, written when he was still able to see the comic aspect of diplomacy:  
"There are three species of creatures who when they seem coming are going.  
When they seem going they come: Diplomats, women and crabs."

It is related that, on one occasion, Boss Tweed of New York was standing with a group in the Mayor's office, when a large diamond, as big as a strawberry, rolled upon the floor. Some one of the group picked it up and passed it around to find its owner. "Not mine," said one after another. Tweed fumbled with his garments for a minute, then reached for the stone. "It must be mine," he said; "I see I have lost one of my suspender buttons."—"Argonaut."



GOT 'EM ALL.

J. P. Whitney—Yes, all but Honor aid you.  
Premier Ross—O, he's in the Speaker's chair.







## By the Way.

By CANADIENNE.

Of all cranks, the person who is constantly telling his friends what should be eaten and what should not be eaten is the most uncomfortable. Just as you are stirring the whipped cream into the coffee and admiring the color, he plaintively inquires, "Don't you find coffee bad for the nerves?" When there is placed before you a dish of half a dozen fried oysters with satisfactory odors oozing from every oyster, he remarks with gloom, "I suppose you read that article last week about oysters being the cause of typhoid fever?" The climax comes when he gazes deprecatingly at the broiled salmon with its lemon decorations and breathes the awful information that the devouring of fish is the beginning of leprosy. In the good old days we never heard of appendicitis and were just as virtuous and happy as we are now, swallowing cherry-pits, grape-seeds and even plum stones with a cheerful disregard of the operating-table and the surgeon's little account, "To removing one appendix." But now we are haunted by the thought of what may happen if just a simple orange-seed goes wrong. However, other sages have arisen to declare that the seed theory is all astray and that beef-steak, bananas and, above all, the beguiling ham sandwich, are the cause of this disease which respects neither persons nor corporations. The safest and most sensible course is to go ahead and eat whatever you fancy—germs and all. My own impression is that microbes make very good eating and give a certain flavor to the viands that nothing else would supply. Microbes won't hurt you at all unless you are afraid of them. Wherefore, let us eat roast beef, fresh tomatoes and the pearly oyster whenever we can get them, for the life is more than microbes or meat.

So, there is a real war again and the papers are full of names which are enough to give the innocent citizen a nightmare. Just think of arising from peaceful slumber to learn that those clever little Japs sneaked into the outer roads of the fortress of Port Arthur and damaged the Russian battleships Retzian and Cesarevitch, to say nothing of the cruiser Pallada! I have been told of an exceedingly strange dialogue that is said to have taken place on a Toronto street car last Tuesday evening, and I was solemnly assured of its truth. The following is the account:

First Citizen—I wonder if Connee has lost anything by this Port Arthur business.

Second Citizen—What's Connee got to do with it?

First Citizen—Well, I've always understood that he owned considerable property about Port Arthur, and I see that there's been trouble there.

Second Citizen—Oh, you're thinking of Baltimore. There's been a big fire there and oysters are to go up.

The San Francisco "Argonaut," which is one of the papers that make the week brighter, has been giving the opinions of certain prominent Californians regarding the two most interesting and pleasurable books read during 1903. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" has an honored place, while in fiction it is worthy of note that the works of Joseph Conrad are highly esteemed, especially by Jack London and other writers of short stories. The group of three stories called "Youth" fell into my hands last April and since then I have read everything I could find by Joseph Conrad. He opens the doors to a wonderful world of sea mystery and magic. You set forth on the voyage, and whether you will or not, you must go to the very ends of the earth with this adventurous skipper. He has been compared to Kipling, whom he resembles in strength and extraordinary vividness. But Conrad is no imitator. He has a style and a story all his own, and happy are they who fall under his spell. "Youth" is perhaps the most glowing picture he has painted—the very East, as the romantic soul of youth conceives it. The glow of early ambition and hope rests upon every league of the voyage, and even lights the table round which the returned travelers gather. "The End of His Tether" is almost heart-breaking, but the pathos is too sternly simple to have anything but the true ring of human struggle and defeat. "Falk" is good, "Typhoon" is bewildering. "Lord Jim" has a grip that is compelling, but "Youth" is the best of them all.

There is a Browning Club in Toronto that has been listening to interesting papers through many seasons. There have been rumors of a Shakespeare Club, and the Tennyson Club is in its second year, under the presidential care of Pelham Edgar. At the February meeting of the Browning Club, there was a most interesting exhibition of the works of J. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, who had been mounted on slides by Promontory. The slides, as each Tennysonian scene or portrait was fessed by Mr. James by reference or quotation connected it with the life and writings of the late laureate. Such collections of pictures are not so common in this new country, and are still more seldom exhibited. The Tennyson evening, for instance, the Dickens exhibition, which will not be sold the gotten by those who are old-fashioned enough of Caine, author of "David Copperfield," dearer than Corneille.

There is hardly a more pathetic figure than Eugenie, ex-Empress of the Second French Empire, who stood last month at the death-bed of an ancient rival—Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, one of the most brilliant women of more dramatic than the true story of Eugenie de Montijo, the beautiful Spanish girl who knew all the glory of an Empire whose extravagance was unbounded and who felt all the bitterness of exile and bereavement. Queen Victoria's friendship for the unfortunate Eugenie, her kindness and sympathy for the woman who was bereaved of her only son, were characteristic of England's greatest queen. By one of the queer turns that the "whirligig of Time" brings in, the Prince Imperial had found his bitterest foe in the England which the great Napoleon had found his bitterest foe. And now Eugenie, deposed, bereaved of husband and son, stands as the only one left of the brilliant group that made the Second Empire a dazzling interlude in French history.

## Confetti.

The man who never makes mistakes never makes any thing.—"Malthus D. Babcock."

In the old days a man fought for his home and hearth, now he fights for his home and hearth.—"Life."

"Sorr, did you ever have a quentin' divilment an' nothin' to pay for it in your life, sorr?" "Never without having to pay." I said.

"Courting of Dinah Shadd."

So in every part and corner of our life, to lose one's self is to be the gainer, to forget one's self is to be happy.—"Memories and Portraits."

Youth is the time to go flashing from one end of the world to the other both in mind and body; to try the manners of different nations; to hear the chimes at midnight; to see sunrise in town and country; to be converted at a revival; run a mile to see a fire, or wait all day long in the theatre.—"Crabbed Age and Youth."

We know the very worst that can happen to us, but we do not know the best that love can bring us.—"Children of the Zodiac."

The soil that will permit of no vices is too poor to grow healthy virtues.—"Smart Set."

The verb to wait is not in the lovers' lexicon.—"The Savor of the Salt."

I'm not denyin' that women are foolish; but the Lord Almighty made them to match the men.—"Adam Bede."

A husband's jealousies, my dear, are the mushrooms on the beef-steak of matrimony.—"The Silver Poppy."

So he was indifferent to praise or blame, as befitted the very greatest.—"The Head of the District."

## At Night in Winter Woods.

Nothing is more delightful than a snowshoe trip under the stars. There is a solemnity, a voiceless beauty about the winter woods at night that enfolds one. It is then that the spirits of the pine trees draw near—they seem like friends as we touch them in passing and pause to look again at some lovely bough weighted with its snow covering. At every turn there is some new beauty that causes one to catch one's breath as the senses seize and keep the revelation. The sky is in wonderful grey half tones, infinite gradations of minor tints blending into deeper coloring, for the clouds that harmonize with the stainless loveliness of the snow and the dark strength and beauty of the pines. In the south is a

glimmer of star drift and over the white hill dark, bare branches of trees are thrown in relief against the light from the city that illumines the grey in the north-west. Down hill-sides and through little spotless gullies we go—the wind sometimes sweeping down a hillside and throwing whirls of spray-snow in our faces. The familiar woods seem strange and new to us. We have gone this way innumerable times before, but the white snow mantle has wrought vast changes and the conditions are all different.

The trip has a tonic effect on our bodies and new memories of wide open spaces of white, of tall trees, of a wondrous grey sky with a star looking through, are stored away in our mind. Besides this the sacred, spiritual beauty of the winter woods at night has added to our capital of serenity and we go home filled with "pleasurable content" and well satisfied with our experience.

GLADYS BACON.

## How I Robbed my Friends.

IT'S not a nice thing to admit, I'll agree, but rob my friends I did, and this is how I did it. Alfred's wife was rusticated where by night the cotton whitens beneath the stars and the tobacco catches the quick aroma of the rains, and Stuart and I were helping him keep "back" during the interval of her absence from that country where like the snow, too much money lies piled up in banks. On the night before Alfred started for Detroit to meet his "Admiral's" rib returning, he very generously invited us to partake of a "farewell" at the King Edward. Stuart and I of course acquiesced, quicker than light travels on the wings of the morning, always having handy a cavity to fill in our Department of the Interior. The meal was no bad, and with the trimmings proved as soothing to us as a hypodermic needle. Then we separated, I bidding Alfred as tender a farewell as Anthony ever extended to Cleopatra, and jumped a Belt Line car to embrace an opportunity of pressing importance.

Stuart accompanied Alfred to his home in Avenue road. They retired fairly early in consequence of catching the morning train for Detroit, which, like some "race horses I have known," is hoping to get there yet. As I am not writing my "personal recollections," suffice it to say that my pressing engagement kept me pretty busy in the north-west corner of the Belt Line until close to that hour when the arm aches and sentiment and poetry are beginning to burn low, and policemen are found asleep on doorsteps.

Finally, girding my mantle about me and humming "A Day's March Nearer Home," I proceeded to sweep the horizon with the night glass I had just given, in hope of sighting that desire of nations—a night car, but no such sight gladdened my Quiller-like optics.

What was I to do, living about 'steep miles from where snowflakes were doing their best to trick me as they had tricked Sweet Lucy Grey as she crossed the wild? I pitted poor Lucy, and then I began to pity myself, and following along this plane of elevated inspiration showing a sublime conception of human life, a thought pregnant with promise struck me. Instead of wearing out my costly shoes walking home, I would cut over to Avenue road and stay with Alfred and Stuart. Satisfied with this solution and wondering how many flakes of snow had fallen since midsummer, or what the firmament was doing, I allowed by twenty ounces of grey matter to cease thinking, and that being idle, Old Nick immediately got as busy as a mosquito in June, and from that time till the last crack of doom I held responsible for "How I robbed my friends."

Arriving at Alfred's, I silently drew forth my trusty latch-key (not a tooth-pick) and entering, passed noiselessly as ship in the night to the kitchen, where I secured out of the table drawer Alfred's revolver, which his wife uses for driving nails with. Then I crept upstairs with a nurse's gentleness and worth a rating at Bradstreet's, for fear Stuart, who is a big fellow, might surprise me and pulling the cap I wore well down and my black muffer well up over my face, boldly entered their room and turned on the electric light. There lay Alfred and Stuart, fast asleep, looking for all the world like the heavenly Twins, with a "I am tired, I have played in the sun and in the shade; I have seen the flowers fade" look on their faces. I really seemed worse than Ireland's grievances. I woke them up, but Old Nick kept telling me I needed the money, "In a loud enough to scare the inmates of the money," water-tough guy, so shell out, do you see, I'm taking a dive for me, ing closely the while that Stuart did.

"Where's yer money?" I denoedooking braver, the voice awfully well.

"We haven't any," said bills in my pocket, if they're barrel of his empty mart, his lanky form completely sub-

"I've a lot of re any good to you's, I'm out for de coin, and I want yer t' dued," and my eyes flashed such fire that made the

"Look out sizzle. Alfred handed over \$28 and his

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A Valentine.

Villanelle.

This—a valentine to her  
Who, unknowing, hath possessed  
All my heart—her worshipper.

Oh, her laugh is like the stir  
Of May rain where violets rest;  
This—a valentine to her.

And her voice is sweet as myrrh—  
With vague dreams yet unconfessed  
All my heart her worshipper.

Not for me to wake her—blur  
That girl calmness of her breast;  
This—a valentine to her.

Unknown would I mute  
To her shrine my mute heart's best—  
All my heart her worshipper.

So, a nameless wanderer  
Comes this song to be her guest.  
This—a valentine to her,  
All my heart her worshipper.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

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## New York Letter.

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The most delightful comedy in many a day is that of Pierre Wolff's, "The Secret of Polichinella," now running in this city. It is a sweet, wholesome comedy that turns on the French law parents' consent. This law the son of the juvenals has violated by marrying a pretty young English girl, and so success arrive on the scene of the transgression they find the fatherly little grandson of four years old to boot. The old father of course feels it necessary to be incensed and the comedy is never lost in the situation of the dear old man. The French text. Of course that is hardly to be expected, but the result is something very new and quite refreshing—as comedies go.

Richard Harding Davis's play, "Ransom's Folly," is as full of spirit and action as a tale of the frontier should be. There are not many dull moments in the piece, at least not until the end of it; but alas! this is surely dull enough to damn anything of less literary consequence eternally. Ransom, the son of a New York millionaire, has acquired a taste for army life through service in Cuba and the Philippines, and unable to return to the normal life of towns, seeks and is assigned a military post in the West. The activity he expected is not there, of course, and there is nothing to do but fall in love with Mary, the post trader's daughter, which he does honestly and earnestly enough. This goes very well until a telegram brings the tidings that Mrs. Post and her daughter, bringing with them the environment of wealthy New York, are already on their way to visit the son and brother. Ransom gets up a ball in their honor and his folly consists in making a bet—though for what purpose is not too plain—that he will disguise himself as Red Rider, a daring marauder, hold up the coach in which his mother and sister are traveling, rob Miss Post, dance with her at the ball, and then reveal the practical joke. Unfortunately the coach is actually held up by the real Red Rider, the paymaster shot and Government funds appropriated. Circumstances are rather against Ransom, and he seems to be in a tight place all round. However, he clears himself eventually, before being either hanged or shot—as the hero of a Western tale should be.

The Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner combination has been a disappointment. Perhaps too much was expected, but it is something to the credit of public taste that disappointing as the performances were, the engagement was a distinct success in every other way. Ada Rehan, at one time the inimitable "Lady Teazle," is down and out. There are still the remains of an artist, fragments of old-time grandeur, touches of grace and finished elocution, but a ruin withal. Her Katharine was a shrew of the fishwife order at times, and a possible one only in moments. Otis Skinner apparently has not quite rid himself of the atmosphere of frontier life into which he ventured last year by way of the melodrama. His Petruchio, for instance, was a thorough-going Westerner—a cowboy riding rough shod over the few decencies of civilized life. Petruchio is not an ordinary gallant of course, but his roughness is assumed and there is the Italian gentleman of birth and breeding withal. This week we are to have Viola Allen in Twelfth Night, and it is to be hoped that Shakespeare will have a chance.

J. E. W.

## Made Some Reservation.

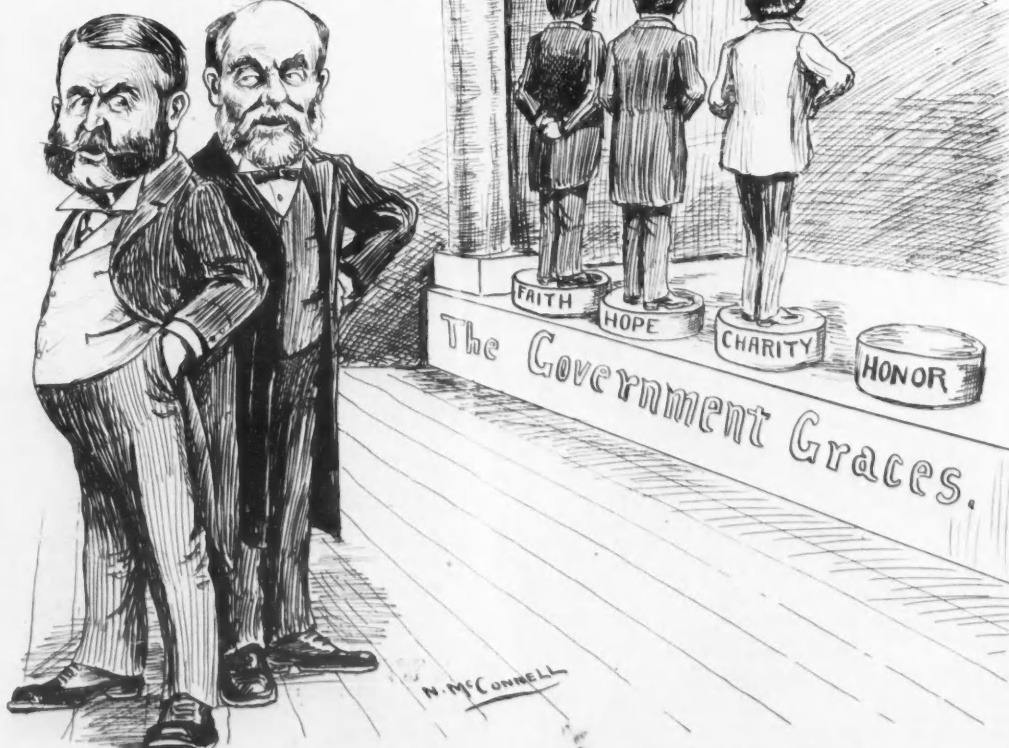
A man who bought stock in a co.  
Inquired if its value would go.  
They told them it could,  
And it probably would  
Provided the price didn't slo.—"Life."

## His Yearn.

Poor Feebles (about to be operated on for appendicitis)—  
Doctor, before you begin I wish you would send and have our  
pastor, the Reverend Mr. Harps, come over.  
Dr. Cutter—Certainly, if you wish it, but—ah!—  
"I'd like it to be opened with prayer."

Here is Secretary Hay's apothegm, written when he was still able to see the comic aspect of diplomacy:  
"There are three species of creatures who when they seem coming are going.  
When they seem going they come: Diplomats, women and crabs."

It is related that, on one occasion, Boss Tweed of New York was standing with a group in the Mayor's office, when a large diamond, as big as a strawberry, rolled upon the floor. Some one of the group picked it up and passed it around to find its owner. "Not mine," said one after another. Tweed fumbled with his garments for a minute, then reached for the stone. "It must be mine," he said; "I see I have lost one of my suspender buttons."—"Argonaut."



J. P. Whitney—Yes, all but Honor aid you.  
Premier Ross—O, he's in the Speaker's chair.



## Anecdotal.

Once, after a matinee, Joseph Jefferson was persuaded to take behind the scenes several pretty girls who had just watched his portrayal of Rip Van Winkle from a box. "Oh, Mr. Jefferson!" exclaimed the prettiest of the girls, while he was showing them around; "we enjoyed your performance so much, but, do you know, we could hardly hear a word you said." The comedian smiled, good-humoredly; "Well, I should say that was strange," replied he, "for I distinctly heard every word you young ladies uttered!"

W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., is an enthusiastic motorist. While speeding one of his red devils along a Long Island road he saw a man and a dog far ahead of him; the dog running in and out of the bushes. As he whizzed past a moment later the dog dashed out ahead of the machine to bark at it, was run over and instantly killed. Mr. Vanderbilt stopped his machine and returned. "I'm very sorry, old man," he said to the man, "but I should say that was strange." "Why," he said, "it is ridiculous to think of sending a mere boy to Congress. It is a time and place where we need mature men with mature minds. It reminds me of the old darkey who thought the end of the world was at hand and who got down on his knees to pray. 'O Lord,' he pleaded, 'come down and save this sinful world; come, Yourself, Lord, don't send your Son. This ain't no time for boys.'"

When Representative Morris Sheppard of Texas was nominated for Congress as the successor of his father, he was but twenty-seven years old, and his opponents lost no opportunity to make capital of his youth. In joint debate one day one of Sheppard's opponents proceeded, something like this: "Why," he said, "it is ridiculous to think of sending a mere boy to Congress. It is a time and place where we need mature men with mature minds. It reminds me of the old darkey who thought the end of the world was at hand and who got down on his knees to pray. 'O Lord,' he pleaded, 'come down and save this sinful world; come, Yourself, Lord, don't send your Son. This ain't no time for boys.'"

One of the newest of Senator Depew's stories is that of a man who is known for his sporting proclivities. He was recently invited by a friend, the owner of a fine sloop, to go sailing on the Hudson. A squall came up, and during the excitement the sloop was pitched into the water. While the man overboard was struggling for his life, the friend, who could not swim, and who therefore made no attempt to go to the rescue, his companion, peered anxiously over the side of the vessel. "Aby! Aby!" he called out excitedly, when his friend's head appeared above the water for an instant. "If you don't come up for the third time, can I have the boat?"

Mark Twain spent last summer at Riverdale, New York. A suburban fastidiously, with a raucous voice and a tin horn, passed the house frequently. Finally, one Saturday morning Mark said: "That fellow has been here twice every day this week. Such persistence in crime ought to be rewarded. I'm going to buy a fish of him," which he accordingly did. Prepared for luncheon, the fish was found to be highly unsatisfactory. The next afternoon the humorist went out and hailed him. "See here!" said Mark, with some warmth, "that fish wasn't edible. It was too old." "Well, it wasn't my fault," replied the man indignantly. "I give you two chances every day this week to buy that fish, and if you was lobster enough to buy it, you would have bought it by now." "Well, you promised me the fish where he happened to be, and if any lobster offered to enforce an order from the bridge with an oath, he had a private interview with his superior. But another matter in his squadron troubled him. His was the flagship, and yet her men were always the last to finish the execution of a command or to carry out a manoeuvre. One day when the seamen were way behind in getting down again from the rigging he called the captain to him. "Why is it," he said, "that here on the flagship, where we ought to be the quickest, the men are always behind the other ships?" While the officer was seeking for an ineffective reply, a volley of emphatic oaths came floating across the water from the captain of the nearest ship. "Well, you see, admiral, our men don't get the right kind of encouragement, sir."

H. C. Frick, who has presented to the Government a \$20,000 Chartar painting, the "Signing of the Protocol," was the subject of much laudatory comment in the House when the announcement of his gift was made. A friend of the Pittsburgh millionaire, in discussing his tastes, said: "Mr. Frick dearly loves good food, strong seasoning and in an equal degree he hates a sermon that is carelessly composed and insincere. Sitting beside him in church one day, I got a manifestation of this latter trait of his. The minister was talking about a foreign divine who had died, but his mind didn't seem to be fixed on his subject very firmly. He wandered on and on, in a wordy way, like this: 'What place, my brethren, shall we assign to the deceased?' Was he the greatest of the apostles? Ah, no, for that place belongs to St. Peter. Was he the greatest of saints? No, for that place belongs to St. Augustine. Was he the greatest of philanthropists? No, for in philanthropy St. Francis excelled him. Then, I repeat, what place—'Oh, give him my place and get on.' I heard Mr. Frick mutter to himself with an impatient frown."

Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., at the annual banquet of his Sunday school class that was held recently, talked about perseverance. It was perseverance, more than anything else, he said, that caused men to succeed in life. After he had finished his address, he said to one of his neighbors, "I regret now that I didn't speak a good word for tact while I was on my feet. Without tact, perseverance, after all, won't accomplish much. Years ago my father had this truth brought home to him in a little restaurant. He entered this restaurant and ordered some luncheon one day, and after the food was brought he was much annoyed by the waiter. The waiter stood right in front of him, watching him like a hawk. Except these two, the waiter and my father, there was no one in the room. The silence was intense. My father tried to eat, but every little while he looked up nervously, and there was the waiter, studying him with the same profound interest you or I would show toward some strange creature from an unknown planet. 'Waiter,' said my father, 'I have everything I want. I have—ah—I have everything I want.' 'Yes, sir,' said the waiter. 'All the man still stood there, still staring. 'Waiter, you may retire,' said my father, testily. 'But I am responsible for the silver, sir,' the waiter said, in a low, reproachful voice. A man like that waiter, with all the perseverance in the world, would hardly succeed," concluded Mr. Rockefeller.

The notorious monotony of the London street is less the fault of the houses than of the goers "rahnd" them. All these men striving after one trim and unremarkable ideal. All these neat reefer-suits and billycocks, all these neat frock-coats and top-hats, of precisely the same cut and pattern! All these clean-shaven faces, some of them adventuring, maybe, a small, trim mustache! All these free and grown-up men as alike as the little girls from an orphanage! One wonders they don't walk in double-file.

Now and again, you can distinguish one of them by some natural disposition of feature or figure. But very rarely. Nature has a fondness for uniformity of surface, and diversity of form is not her forte.

"Indeed I do." Constantly I nod to them on the chance that I know them quite well. Sometimes it turns out that I do, more often, that I don't, or at any rate, that they don't remember me. How should they?

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MAX BEERBOHM.



"Do you serve lobsters here?" "Yes, sir, what will you have?"—"Life."

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You Must Digest as Well as Eat.

Your Food or Weakness, Lassitude and Despondency Will Result—Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will do it.

To heat a house you must not only have good fuel, but you must have a stove or furnace that will burn it to the best advantage. In the same way to get strength and energy, you must not only have good food, but a stomach that will digest it properly. Take for example the experience of Mr. H. Bailey of 256 Patrick street, Winnipeg. He gives it himself as follows:

"Before I began using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets no matter what I ate I never seemed to gain much strength or put on any flesh, though my appetite seemed good. But since I began using the Tablets I have gained in weight eight pounds and have otherwise been greatly benefited. I think Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets digested my food properly and turned it into strength and flesh."

Lassitude is weakness; so are many of the other common ills of the public. Properly digested food means health, strength and energy, and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets digest the food properly.

Modern Dress.

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THE fear of growing old is a money-maker for thousands, not of the fearful, but of those who claim power to set their fears at rest. What a ruck of them are ready to take out your wallet and leave you face as expressionless as a pan of milk; to let a trifling belladonna brightness into your eyes, as deceptions as the look of youth and the flash of soul-fire; to add a tint to your hair and a flush to your cheeks and lips and destroy the woman to adorn the sham! It is not often I think of growing old, but when I do I shall be in a clean skin and with whatever of snow old Father Time has seen fit to dredge on my grey hair, things one may do to oneself, or have done, which are both pretty and pleasant and help to the electric treatment after the thorough washing and cleansing of one's face, which is now one of the luxuries of attendance. She was such a pretty little creature who came sulking to the sanctum one day lately, with an innocent-looking bit of a handbag, and the gentlest sort of a vice. If you want to see how pretty she is, just look in some other creature who has found a fair hint of it. If you want the voice and the smile and the concealed battery (in the hand-bag, call her up and make your own arrangements, then you will be sure, if not of a perfectly clean and glowing face without. I had so much confidence in the charming smile of the little anarchist, "Hubber" Pope that I let her against my neck, and made me think of that toy galleon I saw in the Newfoundland prison, I did not protest, nor yet when she plentifully creamed me and began to creep over my face with something that I do, more often, that I don't, or at any rate, that they don't remember me. How should they?

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It is curious how great a difference it makes if the arch of your foot under the instep is supported and not left to support itself.

Exercise then becomes a pastime, and often a woman who can't walk a mile without fatigue, finds that with a supported arch to her shoe she can walk five miles and never know the difference.

There is one—and only one—"Arch-Supporting Shoe." That is the "Dorothy Dodd."

It is constructed with a curved steel shank placed out of sight between the inner and outer sole and firmly held in place by sewing the two soles through and through.

Other shoes in a week's wear have flattened completely at the shank. But the shank of the "Dorothy" won't flatten out, and the foot knows little weariness when its weak center is thus supported.

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"How long shall I boil the eggs, ma'am?" asked the cook. "I don't exactly know," replied the young housewife, "but cook them until they are real tender."—Chicago "Post."

"Maud said something clever about that rich Chicago uncle of hers." "What was it?" "She said he was born with a silver pie-knife in his mouth."—Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

seans. "I tried it, but had to sit up until daylight sometimes." Once upon a time a group of girls approached Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant. "How ought we to keep Lent?" asked they. "Have as good a time as you can, without doing anything you really ought not to do," said the dear old thoroughbred with a motherly smile. "Go to church and be kind and good," she added softly. But it was good old Oliver Wendell Holmes who had a more practical solution. "Be just as good as you can be for forty days and forty nights," advised he to a society woman who was a famous beauty of Boston. "and it will become second nature to you. You will be perfect all the rest of the year." The good little debutante looking back upon her first season will have a heart filled with joy. She is succeeding, for whoever saw a young girl who did not succeed during her first season? She is tasting the joys of dancing all night and she knows how to sit out a state dinner. She has beaux and has taken a dip into the mysterious world of love-making. And, soon, at the end of three months of society life, she will give it all up for forty days of Lent. During this time she will eat no candy, she will go to no theatre, she will wear no gay dresses, she will receive no callers—except perhaps one or two or three—and she will not dance.

She will sit and think and ponder. And what will her thoughts be? Surely in her new world she has found something to study, something to admire and something to love. "What is there in Mars?" asked a layman contemptuously of an astronomer. "I have only glimpsed, but some day I will tell you," said the astronomer with beaming eyes—"when I have adjusted my telescope." And so the little debutante can say, "I have only glimpsed, but some day I will tell you—when I have adjusted my social lens!"

End of Her First Season.

It was Lord Disraeli who said to the debutante daughter of an earl: "My child, it is the end of your first season. What have you accomplished?"

"Nine balls, twenty-seven dinners, fourteen cotillions and a proposal," said the girl quickly.

"How do you feel?" asked Minister Wu of Miss Alice Roosevelt at the close of her first winter in society.

"I feel like a new Alice in Wonderland," said the President's daughter in an awed voice.

"Do you wish you were a little girl again?" queried a friend of the family of Miss Helen Gould.

"No," said Miss Gould, heroically. "I am willing to bear my burden!"

It is with a trinity of feelings that the society girl views every season. She sees herself as a butterfly more gorgeous than anything she ever painted in her own mind.

She finds herself flitting about in a new and mysterious world full of emotions and gay, wise and otherwise. And she begins to realize that there are burdens, as well as automobiles, in this new world of hers.

In the haze of her first triumphs she seems conscious of but little, but now she realizes that the season which began with a snap like the bursting of a bomb, accompanied by a blare of music, all seemed with every woman who weeks later with a tolling of church bells, the putting aside of fine feathers and the beginning of Lent.

And the debutante who stepped at one bound from the schoolroom days to the ballroom prepares to step back again. She is surely a bolder girl, probably a wiser girl, and, perhaps, a sadder one.

She who went forth with white ribbons and American beauties and purity will soon come back thought-touched by the world, with heart-strings fluttering, and with a variety of emotions which never existed for her in the old schoolroom days and about which the schoolbooks said nothing. She will return not to the schoolroom, but to her own thoughts as a woman. She is creating for herself a domain into which no human being will ever fully enter.

In her brief trip into the world she is making a two-fold discovery, a discovery which every woman has made before her and which every woman will make into the feminine world has run its course. She is discovering that she has a heart and that she has a conscience.

"If only a woman could have a heart and no conscience," moaned a weather-beaten old dowager to her bishop at Newport one summer.

"Better to have a conscience and no heart," said the bishop sternly.

But the little debutante has both a conscience and a heart.

"I keep a conscience book," confided a Washington debutante the other day. "I began it the day I was introduced. I write in it every night—all the wrong things I have done during the day."

"You'll fall off in your looks if you keep it up," advised a belle of four

ing effect—perhaps because we tasted it cautiously. We own that good tea is a friend we would rather not do without. Five o'clock tea has a false ring; and speaking of false, we would suggest to the Grandesque and Ritesque scourgers of society a field for their rods, a real field where, if only the rods were real, they might strike who deserve to be—stricken backs, the backs of the people who poison us. There is a smart set in society, a perfectly innocuous, vapid and foolish set; but there is also a mean set who swindle cabmen if they can and poison their acquaintances with tea at one and fourpence a pound. We have been poisoned and we protest—language of course! It requires the pen of a female Pope, to which to be desired person we recommend it.—Ex.

Snow White

Windsor Salt is as pure and as white as driven snow. There are no impurities or black specks in it—it is all salt. You hear this every time. "As pure and white as Windsor Salt—snow white."

Windsor Salt

FAST SERVICE, APRIL 30 TO 70

Between Toronto and Baltimore, Philadelphia and Washington, D.C.

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Through Buffet Sleeping Car Buffalo Philadelphia and Washington.

Leaving Toronto by the CANADIAN PACIFIC



## The Romance of Some Famous Manuscripts.

A COUNTRY which has supported for a generation a costly Commission to secure for the State printed copies of thousands of historic manuscripts is not likely to let go the original copy of "Paradise Lost," and we may be sure that long before the sale announced for next spring the Milton manuscript will rest in the nation's treasure house side by side with the shaggy vellum copy of Magna Charta.

That shaggy parchment, the charter of English freedom, was saved, it is said, by the merciful tailor. Struck by the great seal attached to a piece of paper the tailor was cutting up, Sir Robert Cotton stopped the man and gave him fourpence for the document he would have destroyed. It is now in the British Museum, lined and mounted and in a glass case, the seal a shapeless mass of wax, and the characters quite illegible.

Fourpence will not buy "Paradise Lost," and the passing of this interesting document into the possession of the State will be a much more formal and unromantic transaction, it is told, than to suppose that the secretary of the Historic Manuscripts Commission will quietly send a cheque one morning to Messrs. Sotheby and hand the manuscript to Sir Edward Thompson at night.

The Commission, if we are to believe an earl, has done much more daring things. The fourth Earl of Ashburnham had no great love for the ruffian here, sir, under false pretences, he shouted to Sir George Darnley when the knight, at the earl's invitation, arrived at Ashburnham. "I have discovered that you are a member, sir, of that most respectable society called the Historic Manuscripts Commission; they are a society of ruffians, sir."

"Surely," exclaimed Sir George, "a great many persons belong to the commission—Lord Salisbury, for instance, is not a ruffian."

"Yes, sir; he is a ruffian, when acting for that society," the angry earl burst out. "and you, sir, are a ruffian, too—you tamper with title-deeds, sir!"

The old lady who received letters from Carlyle would have agreed with the fourth earl. When Froude's "Carlyle" appeared she opened her chest, took out letters from the great man of her day, and took out a bundle. "They were written to me," she burst out, as she flung them into the fire, "not to the public," and when the children ran in to say that the chimney was on fire all that she would say was, "Never mind," and the papers went on burning.

There was a burning of manuscripts much less deliberate and much more serious in which the old lady's correspondent was concerned. Can we ever forget, once we have read it, that page in Carlyle's journal in which the great man tells us how, on March 6, 1835, John Stuart Mill rapped at the door at tea-time?

"He entered pale," Carlyle wrote down the next day, "and to speak, gasped out to me five bits of leaves, and speak with Mrs. Taylor, and came forward (led by my hand and astonished looks) the very picture of desperation."

After various inarticulate and articulate utterances to merely the same effect, he informs me that my first volume (left out by him to no careless manner, after or while reading it) was, except four or five bits of leaves, irretrievably annihilated! "It is gone!" Carlyle wrote again; "the whole world and myself backed by it could not bring that back, and, say, the spirit, too, is dead, and it took five months of steadfast, occasionally excessive, and always sickly and painful toil." Mill, he added, "very injudiciously staid with till late," and left in a relaxed and pitiable state.

Though it is not generally known, another manuscript as famous as Carlyle's was at one time in peril of a similar fate. Lady Simon sent Tennyson's death has generously presented to his son the original MS. of "In Memoriam," of which she had possession during the poet's life. Fifty years ago the MS. was nearly lost in a London lodging, and there is somewhere an interesting letter from Tennyson, in which, writing to Coventry Patmore, he said: "I went up to my room yesterday to get my book of elegies; you know what I mean, a long, butcher-like book. I was going to read one or two to an artist here; I could not find it. I have some obscure remembrance of having lent it to you, so, all is well; if not, you will go to my old chambers and institute a vigorous enquiry?"

Two or three weeks had passed since Tennyson changed his lodgings in Hampstead road, and the landlady said no such book had been left. But Patmore, insisting on looking himself, found the manuscript in a cupboard where Tennyson had kept his provisions.

The Stuart Papers, one of the most precious possessions of King Edward, were found lying in a garret by an outlaw, upon whose head the British government had set a price, and he bought them for a paltry sum as a heap of tradesmen's bills, and afterwards ended a miserable life by strangling himself in a London tavern. But for this tragedy of a life these priceless volumes in the King's library would doubtless have perished unknown. More pathetic is the story of the MS. of one of the most beautiful poems in English literature, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, on his wife's death, placed the MS. of "The Blessed Damsel" in her coffin and buried it with her. It was his only copy, and the poem was then unprinted. And unprinted it would have remained had not his friends induced the poet to regain possession of the poem and give it to the world. So the Blessed Damsel was brought.

"From the Gold Bar of Heaven,"—A. M. in London "Daily Mail."

I've Been Roaming.  
O'er the valley o'er the mountain,  
By the pathway of the foam,  
Leading down by yonder fountain,  
Like a honey-bird I roam!

O'er the meadows daisy-winged,  
Like an idle elf a rove,  
My unheeded song a-singing  
To the melody I love! —Darley.

Sir Henry's Disappointment.  
"I have devoted the best years of my life," said Sir Henry Irving to the writer, "to the endeavor to have English spoken carefully and correctly on the London stage."

"None the less there has grown up during the last fifteen years among the smart set and the best-known social circles of London a habit of saying 'hustler,' 'rippin',' 'goin' and of pronouncing all words ending in this way in the same manner, which nobody seems able to account for."

"The West End of London now drops its terminal 'g's as universally as the East End drops its 'h's.' I should say, however, that it is almost entirely confined to the men. The ladies, God bless them! still respect their mother tongue."—Chicago "Record-Herald."



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not send their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Eddie, Vancouver.—This is an admirable foundation for a fine character. At present absolutely without interest beyond a generally honest and thorough effort. There is some hope, some ambition, practical and careful aim and an utter lack of inspiration. It is good of its kind, and the kind is good too, but, except for an easy and cheerful adaptability, it might as well be the engraved headline in a copy book. Its being good to lines in fact, I am very glad the friend found her answer agreeable.

Lottilla.—There is a good deal of natural ability but very little culture shown in this study. Writing is practical, but not very constant in purpose. She is born under a Virgo, a sign ruling from August 23 to September 22, and is a promising but not at all well-developed child of the earth. There is love of beauty and harmony and responsiveness to emotional appeal, adaptability, hope, emphasis self-reliance, some idealism and fairly good sequence and expression of thought. The lack of culture does not seem to interfere with a line of effort now taken—likely office or some kindred work.

Not ante-Christian bit West-Canadian initials, and a somewhat nice and interesting study. You are a fairly expressive Capricorn person. Concentration, good sequence of ideas, perseverance, energy, self-will and self-reliance, sentiment (deep but not excessive), method and a decided dislike for extravagance in every form are a few of the characteristics of your graphology. I think you would put a good deal of earnestness and devotion into anything you considered worth while, and your taste would be likely to be more easily hurt than your principles. I mean that, while you might ignore a serious lapse, a small faux pas would annoy and worry you. Is it the Capricorn reserve and personal consciousness which prevents you invariably from crossing your t's? You never do it, you know.

Dooly.—June 4th brings you under Gemini, a double sign, and one apt to hinder their prompt and entire concentration upon the steady purpose of life. The June man is apt to do odd things before he settles down, if he ever does. You have some of the pleasantest of the June traits. You are bright, adaptable, sociable, good-tempered, with some imagination and construction, but a hint of unprofitable and wrongly applied effort. You are generally built up, but cautious in dealings with humanity. You would respond to sentiment, and probably are rather impressionable. It is rather June way, my boy! There is a lot of good stuff in your make-up, and I dare say you will reach a front seat in the future.

Frank A. H.—It is a study with a good deal of crude force, hope, ambition, and some love of display. The sequence and the discussion of it has brought out the adhesiveness and determination fair. At the same time the writing is not formed enough for a final and authoritative judgment.

## NEW SENSATIONS IN MEDICAL WORLD.

Collingwood Bright's Disease Cure Brings to Light Others Equally Wonderful.

Mrs. Fred. Philip of Eglinton Tells of Her Remarkable Experience.

Discharged from Two Toronto Hospitals—Dodd's Kidney Pills Brought Back Her Health.

Toronto, Feb. 8.—(Special.)—The report from Collingwood Bright of the wonderful cure of Mrs. Thomas Adams of Bright's Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills has aroused great interest here, and the discussion of it has brought out the fact that Mrs. Adams' case is not an isolated one, that right in Toronto there are people who, suffering from the most dreaded and fatal of kidney diseases, have found a positive and permanent cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

One of the most striking cases that has been brought to light is that of Mrs. Fred. Philip, who, residing on Broadway avenue, Eglinton, one of the northern suburbs of the city. That Mrs. Philip was suffering from Bright's Disease and was in a most dangerous state, there is no shadow of a doubt. She was in two city hospitals, Grace and the General, and left both places without a hope for the future.

In Grace Hospital the doctors wished to operate on her, but she objected, and, leaving the hospital, called in another doctor. He told her at once that she had Bright's Disease and had to be removed to the General Hospital. The doctors here demurred to an operation on account of the danger.

On being discharged a second time without benefit Mrs. Philip stopped the doctors and started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. The result is that to-day all the terrible swelling is gone, she is able to do all her own work as well as look after her bright little four-year-old child.

In an interview Mrs. Philip spoke freely of her terrible trouble and gave unstinted praise to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Philip's Story.  
"I was sick for six months," she said, "before taking Dodd's Kidney Pills. During that time I was six weeks in Grace Hospital and two months in the General Hospital. I was told in both places that nothing more could be done for me. I started taking Dodd's Kidney Pills in April, and am still using them. They have done me a world of good. The Dropsy has all left me, and I am now doing all my own work, just the same as I was before I was sick."

The talk these cases have caused has also served to show how general the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills has become and how numerous are the cures effected of Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Dropsy, and all the other results of diseased kidneys. In fact, cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills can be found by the hundred, but a case in which they have failed to cure has yet to be reported.



## Start Right To-day

and you will find the world very much brighter to-morrow. A good complexion—the bloom of perfect health—bright eyes, clear brain—these are within the reach of all who take care of their digestive organs. Take a teaspoonful of

## Abbey's Effervescent Salt

in a glass of water every morning and you will find that blotches and eruptions will give place to clear skin. Throw away the powder puff and rouge-pot—they are counterfeits of nature. Abbey's will cure constipation, the enemy of a clear complexion.

At all Druggists 25c. and 60c.

ment. You will change a good deal in a few years. It is full of promise and has a good foundation. Be always ready to receive tips and instruction as to business from older and wiser heads, and be careful not to become opinionated.

Mickey.—Please step forward and take the bun, my good friend. You are positively the first correspondent who ever begged for time to prepare for his answer. "I am a doer," of your sincerity when you say "if truths be all costs be your motto, then in your goodness give me time to prepare for the storm of faults and frailties which in my imagination I hear whizzing about my ears." It is eminently corroborative of a trait in your make-up that you are generally on your guard in your intercourse with others. And so you are a sign and makes a fine man when the fire of his inspiration burns clear and bright.

You are not a student of the pen, and will likely rule in whatever needs "character," that individual independence to which less sturdy persons instinctively give place. You are not a student of the pen, and will likely rule in whatever needs "character," that individual independence to which less sturdy persons instinctively give place. You are not a student of the pen, and will likely rule in whatever needs "character," that individual independence to which less sturdy persons instinctively give place.

E. M. S.—It is possible of the study you say have with the nom de plume you then used. I fancy such an exciting handwriting must have earned a good deal of money, but it isn't worth too, my friend.

Eolyn.—Your writing is full of bright, capable, and very attractive traits; a pleasant temper and quick intuition. Good sense and a fair judgment, a keenness, enterprise, impulse, hope and ambition yet to be realized, are among the traits. You are a student of the pen, and will likely rule in whatever needs "character," that individual independence to which less sturdy persons instinctively give place.

Askance.—You are not, indeed, a January child, being born in the February sign, Aquarius, which is just you. Listen to yourself telling yourself: "I cannot feel very much ashamed at being so unorthodox as to join in a toast to the distasteful thing." Oh, you blessed, careless Aquarius child! Certainly, I can quite understand how you are so much at home in society people does not appeal to anyone used to the leisurely ways of small towns, but it is likely to give up a project or an idea, I could scream sometimes when I see those not built so doing it. I don't know about the reason you give for always being in the land of the living, but it is full of pathos. Surely there are dozens of interests which likely to give up a project or an idea, I could scream sometimes when I see those not built so doing it. I don't know about the reason you give for always being in the land of the living, but it is full of pathos.

Every line of your study is full of the fascination and vibration of the Libra practical, full of impulse, magnetic, intuitive, loathing the painful paths of logic, argument, and carefully justified conclusions. Every bit of your work is honest, a straying branch of wild rose, honey-suckle, any sweet thing that hangs over the hedge, but it is not the good thing belongs. This is "your writing in all its disguise," as you say. Don't you feel crushed? I think you do. I did Mary Alice justice. I can quite recall her fascinating twists and twirls and the dainty refinement of her study. You are not of the same vintage, my good lady, but have a surer, firmer, broader outlook and a worth of your own. You are generous, optimistic, affectionate, and hopeful, bright and intuitive, but not critical or nervous. There is good sequence of ideas and some susceptibility to show in your lines. The dominating stroke is there. You have not much finesse or plausibility, and I don't fancy appearances figure up much with you.

Angeline.—Oh, I don't know. I fancy your heart's in the right place, neither in your throat nor on your sleeve. It is a good thing to have a good, honest, showy man, full of brain schemes and fancies, fastidious about the lesser things of life, proud and pleasant, capable of affection, persistent and pertinacious, not averse to sentiment, and generally ruled by caution and self-interest.

Indignant Natives.  
This is how the native paper of Making comments on Major-General Baden-Powell's statement before the War Commission that the natives ran away at the first attack on the town: "Hear it, ye-ah-mo-ho! Hear it, ye-ah-mo-ho! What do you say to it, ye-ah-mo-ho! Bahurutshe! You ran away when the Boers put in an appearance! We do not care a hang for a share of his pile of honors, but, by gum, we want our due!"—African "Review."

## Curious Stories of Death Warnings.

It is not ancient fables of distinction alone that have their banishes or death warnings, though the spectral woman beheaded in Ireland by Lady Fanshawe, with her shrieks and picturesque hair in the most popular, and, linguistically considered, the only genuine banishes. Other warnings are inexplicable knockings, as in the case of the Wood family, in which the phenomena are recorded from about 1660 to the present day.

In the writer's own family a curious creature, "like a cat but not a cat," has been on duty for some seventy years at least, but has no tradition attached to it, and has only been seen by women of the kin, and only before the deaths of women. I first heard of it when, as a boy, I saw a black and tan cat, not a common sort of cat, which the terriers, for once, declined to chevy. My description led to an account of the family portent, but I believed that mine was a common cat, and did not believe in the death-coincidence which was detected. The dates did not appear to fit, when closely considered.

A curious species of death warning is that of the witnesses. On October 16, 1879, my informant, Father Jones, was a boy of 10. He was sitting at a table drawing in view of his mother, who sat by a window at work. Both commanded a view of the chimney-piece, on which stood a large, heavy earthenware bowl. Mrs. Jones, the mother, corroborates. Beside her was an old-fashioned octagonal work-table, the top of which had hinges to enable it to be raised or lowered. Such a table, hexagonal, is before me, and the lid is of considerable solidity and weight, being in early Victorian mahogany. The lid of the work-table was shut. Both persons fronted the fireplace. Suddenly the attention of both was attracted by the odd behavior of the earthen bowl on the chimney-piece. It slowly worked its way along the wall, the lid of the work-table suddenly rose and fell. Mrs. Jones was aware that similar incidents attended the deaths of the Ainslies, her relations, and she and her boy knelt in prayer for the departing or departed spirit. Father Jones, who gave the story orally, and sent the corroboration by letter, added that the death of Mrs. Ainsley, at a town some twelve miles distant (the names of the places are unimportant), was simultaneous with the phenomena.

Father Jones adds that on July 15, 1857, his grandmother and mother were in a room with a stove. The lid of the stove erected itself, as the lid of the work-table did later. The next post brought news of the death of the grandmother's brother, which must have preceded by perhaps twenty-four hours the unusual behavior of the stove. The elder lady regarded the occurrence merely as a curious coincidence, but does not seem to have had the theory of the cause of the lifting of the stove lid. In May, 1893, a china cup behaved like the earthenware bowl in the presence of Mrs. Jones and Miss Jones, her daughter. The death of a third member of the same family was "simultaneous," which we may probably take, provisionally, as meaning closely coincident.

If it be admitted that one mind, from a distance, may influence another, so as to produce an hallucinatory appearance, for example, of the agent, it would seem to follow that some energy of our brain can act another brain. The brain is as material as a bowl, a cup or a stove, and it would follow that an energy from a distant brain might conceivably set a bowl or the lid of a table in motion. This would not be at all more odd than the thought of a distant person, who is traveling to a house, should cause a knock on the door, or the entirely believed in by many Highlanders and in Scandinavian countries. The movements of undetected objects in the presence of D. D. Home and Eusapia Paladino and others are conspicuously attested by witnesses of scientific eminence at home and abroad. But Eusapia has been caught in the act of cheating, and if Home was never actually caught he was very much suspected.

I end with a really original and gruesome death warning. The anecdote comes to me at fourth hand. A saw the phenomenon and told B, who told C, who told me. A was driving toward Euston station in a hansom. He saw approaching him on the pavement a servant girl, who appeared to have been sent out on an errand. She met a man, who, in his frightened state, was unable to tell her name, but she was able to A; she looked at him, gave a shriek of terror and fled. After driving on for some thirty yards A stopped his cab, alighted and walked back to confront the man, who, in his frightened state, was unable to tell her name, but she was able to A; she looked at him, gave a shriek of terror and fled.

The man had the face of a corpse! A watched him go to a certain house and let himself in with a latch-key. Next day A went and reconnoitered the house. It had a bill offering apartments to let, and on the excuse of wanting to take rooms A rang the bell and was admitted. There were two landladies, very uncertain whether she could let them. They were held by a

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## THE QUALITY NEVER VARIES.

## Teacher's Highland Cream Scotch Whisky

George J. Foy, Agent, Toronto

Mr. —, who was at the front in the South African war (as a volunteer, apparently), and a report of his death had appeared in the newspapers of the previous day. Till the report was confirmed the rooms could not be let. The report was confirmed, and the inference was that A and the maid had seen a phantom of the late tenant with a phantom latchkey, who opened a material door. —ANDREW LANG.

## Rockefeller Says "Eat Cheese."

In a recent interview John D. Rockefeller spoke as follows: "Do you know that I recently read an article by a well known scientific man to the effect that cheese is an excellent article of diet? I wish that I had read that article a long time ago. I had been afraid that cheese had a tendency to produce indigestion, and for that reason never touched it. Now, I find that its effects are directly contrary, and I eat a great deal of it and find that it agrees with me. Take my advice, eat cheese, eat slowly, and have out-door exercise and you will enjoy good health."

## MacLaren's Imperial

Mr. Rockefeller is right. Good cheese is one of the most healthful of foods.  
It is known to be the highest quality of Canadian cheese. It grades 100% in quality and there is "nothing better."

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admiral to France, to Germany, to Great Britain, to Mexico and to Russia. The British system of salaries is based on the theory that the Government must pay its representatives abroad a sum sufficient to enable them to live in fitting style without being compelled to draw on their private fortunes. The ambassadors of the United States in Paris and in London and in St. Petersburg have been known to spend their whole salaries in house rent, paying their remaining living expenses out of their own pockets.

520 P. M.

This is the hour the New York train leaves daily for New York, via the C.P. and New York Central, arriving 7.50 next morning. Through sleeper to New York. Dining car to Buffalo.







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And Ontario Conservatory of Music and Art.

WHITNEY, ONT.

Annual Convocation Friday evening, February 12th.

Special train will leave the Union Station at 7 p.m. For particulars apply to Mr. R. C. Hamilton, 45 Scott street.

J. J. HAKE, PRINCIPAL.

**Dutch Pictures**

Confederation Life Bldg.

SATURDAY WILL BE THE LAST CHANCE

to see these magnificent pictures. There are a few choice ones still unsold.

**Social and Personal.**

The first meeting of the West End Euchre Club, which has gotten into working order in good time before Lent, took place on Thursday of last week at Mrs. George McMurrich's home in Madison avenue. It is a young folks' club, and meets in turn at the homes of the members.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Baird Laidlaw entertained at dinner on Friday, February 6. Covers were laid for two in the decorations were pink and white tulips.

I am told that on one afternoon of last week honors were between maine euchs and five o'clock teas, six of each being on for that particular day.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. McKinnon have gone to Havana, and will later on reach Southern California, where, I dare say, the former traveler will be again an enthusiastic devotee of golf.

Miss Annesley of Port Dover is visiting Miss McArthur of St. George street, who gave a nice little tea on Tuesday in her honor.

Miss Virginia Moncur of Hamilton is in town, the guest of Mrs. W. Y. Parry for a few days.

A quiet wedding took place Wednesday evening in Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, when Mr. Robert U. Stone, second son of Mr. W. H. Stone, and Miss Mabel E. Howorth, eldest daughter of Mr. James G. Howorth, were married by the Rev. S. Cleaver. The bride and groom left the same evening for a short visit to New York.

Mr. Edmund Morris has an exhibition on his paintings in Matthew's Art Gallery until the 22nd of this month. Some thirty odd pictures are in the collection. Mr. Morris has just had a successful exhibition in Montreal.

On Saturday afternoon a very pretty Art Home was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Atkinson, 237 Dav-

enport road. The reception-room was tastefully decorated with ferns and pink and white carnations. Mrs. Atkinson wore a becoming gown of pale green crepe, with touches of pink. The tea-table was decorated with ferns and crimson carnations, and was presided over by Mrs. L. A. Winter and Miss Gertrude Gibb. Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson received many choice pieces of china, the occasion being the twentieth anniversary of their marriage.

Among guests registered at the Welland Hotel, St. Catharines, are Miss Rowand, Miss D. K. Rowand, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. A. Land, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Young, Mrs. M. Murray, Miss M. Stinson, Mrs. McGivern of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Benson, Mr. John T. Steele, Mrs. A. S. Young of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Level of Niagara, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. McLennan of Montreal, Mr. E. C. Pagot, Miss Pagot of Calgary, Mrs. and Miss Macbeth, Mrs. G. C. Gibbons, Miss Gibbons of London, and Mrs. C. Thompson and child of Cleveland.

Miss Rowand and Miss Dora Rowand have returned from a very pleasant visit at the Welland, St. Catharines. The bright, beautiful face of Miss Dora Rowand is much missed from social gatherings since her grandmother's death.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Symons left for New York to attend a performance of "Parsifal" last week, intending afterwards to visit their daughters in Philadelphia. Mrs. Symons will be away two weeks.

Mrs. Gershom P. Howard (nee Rogerson) will receive for the first time since her marriage, at 234 Jarvis street, corner Carlton, on Tuesday afternoon and evening, February 16.

The many friends of Mrs. Le Grand Reed will be pleased to hear that she has appeared before a London audience and achieved great success at Sir George Paver's concert, given last month.

A quiet wedding was solemnized at St. Margaret's Church on Wednesday, February 3, when Miss Elizabeth Hope Morgan, daughter of Mr. J. C. Morgan, and Mr. Albert Gordon Kleiser, eldest son of Mr. A. Kleiser, were married by the Rev. J. C. Moore. Only the immediate relatives of the families were present. The bride wore a tailor-made gown of navy blue broadcloth, with white Louise silk blouse, richly trimmed with lace, a green and pink hat completing the becoming toilette. Miss Dorothy Morgan, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and the groomsmen was the groom's brother, Mr. Roseau Kleiser. Mr. and Mrs. Kleiser left on a trip to the East.

Mrs. W. A. Flaws (nee Clark) will hold her post-nuptial reception on Monday and Tuesday, February 15 and 16, from 4 to 6 o'clock, at 91 Isabella street, and afterwards will be at home on the second and third Mondays of each month.

Mrs. Charles Wilson, Vancouver, wife of the Attorney-General of British Columbia, gave a smart and enjoyable house dance last week, in honor of Miss Morgan of Ottawa and Miss Pittendrigh of New Westminster.

Mr. S. B. Dawson left on Thursday, via New York, on a six weeks' trip to Jamaica, Cuba and Mexico.

Among guests recently registered at the Welland Hotel, St. Catharines, are Miss Gourlay, Mr. R. S. Gourlay, Mr. George W. Bedell and son, Mr. William M. Fahey, Miss Ord, Mr. F. J. Lightbourne of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Nathan, child and maid, Messrs. J. J. Kelly and A. A. Kelly, Mrs. C. B. Gormaine of Buffalo, Mrs. M. A. Raw, Miss Lulu Grace Morgan, Mr. R. S. Knox of Hamilton, Mrs. F. H. Hickox of Cleveland, Mr. S. T. Bain of Galt, Mr. and Mrs. A. McLennan of Lancaster.

Miss Frances Harrison was the hostess of a small and informal but very enjoyable tea, last Thursday. Miss Denzil of the Residence poured tea, while Miss Massey, Miss Allen, Miss Smith and Misses Lina and Elsie Adamson assisted in looking after the guests, who were all well. Miss Harrison, who was looking very well. Mrs. Harrison did not receive with her daughter, but was able to come down for a short time, everyone hoping that the long siege of illness will soon pass away from this hospitable and genial family.

The following attended the open studio reception given by Miss Florence E. Ward, sculptress, on Thursday afternoon at her studio in 9 Toronto street: Mrs. Strath, Mrs. Lefroy, Miss Helen Strath, Miss Kingsford, Mrs. Enoch Thompson, Mrs. Beatty, Miss G. Thompson, Miss Kerr, Mrs. Elmslie, Mrs. Sims, Mrs. Preston, Miss and Miss Ada Pearce, Mr. Morris, artist; Dr. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Smythe, Mr. E. P. Pearson, Miss Hoyle and friend, Miss and Miss J. Joy, Mrs. and Miss Kingston, Miss Howitt, Miss Perrott, Miss Saunders, Mrs. Latour, Mrs. Akers and Miss G. Akers, Mrs. Nicholls, Mrs. Hansen, Mrs. Ward, Miss L. Muntz, Mrs. Hutchings, Miss Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. Wellington, Rev. W. C. Ward. Among work recently completed was a bust and bas-relief of Miss Jessie Peuchen, a study entitled "Anella Domine," and two reliefs, one representing "The Advent of Spring," and the other Venus trying to extract his last piece of mischief out of Master Cupid.

The monthly Saturday afternoon musical of the Model School of Music, Beverley street, on the 6th inst., was much enjoyed by about fifty of the teachers and pupils. An informal programme was given by the following teachers: Miss Findlay, soprano; Miss Wastie, violin; Misses McLean and Macdonald, piano; and Miss Black, fluted. Misses Findlay and Miss Black have only recently become members of the staff, and their numbers were a delightful part of a delightful programme.

The Arts and Crafts, a society of artists and craftsmen, who undertake the complete interior decoration of homes, propose starting business in Toronto at an early date, with studios in the Lawlor Building, corner of King and Yonge streets, and factory in the Red Lion Block, 749-755 Yonge street.

**The Beauty of the Bill-Board.**

No one has any conception of the beauty of the Pacific until he has looked at it over, between, past, through, and across the bill-boards which encompass the approaches to the Cliff House. The association of a bill-board with a peak in Darien with Um Yum Chewung Gum, Uluka Doughnuts, Fribbles' Fritters, and Spazzum's Soothing Syrup is poetic and lovely. A seal in blue water on a rock is commonplace, but taken in conjunction with a leggy damsel in

pink tights and a toothpaste smile it is certainly curious enough to attract tourists. A ship on the ocean has, to be sure, a quiet prettiness by itself, but when viewed between two immense yellow walls adorned with the noble face of the manufacturer of a baby powder, it gains new significance. The board is our counselor, guide, and friend, a very present help in time of shopping, and a sweet solace of our leisure hours. Were it not for the bill-board the smiling landscape would not please nor comfort us. We should wander aimless, bewildered vagrants in this world of bargains. Therefore, it is with pain and alarm that the Argonaut hears of the efforts of Governor Murphy, of New Jersey, to abolish bill-boards, and with an agony of apprehension that it listens to the murmur here in California. Surely the people must be mad. Some false doctrine has entered into the public noddle. Do not these iconoclasts realize that without bill-boards we shall be cast back upon nature unadorned? Is it possible that there are individuals so benighted as to think that we could live without the instructions on every side to purchase that article which has made the gauzy charms of the pink female depicted with great skill so irresistible? Are we to arise and go to our labors without the admonitions of the hair-pin maker? and toil uncheered by the exhortations of the manufacturer of Baby Polish? And go to our rest unsoothed by the airy graces of the representative of the Cheapest Five Cent Cigar? Perish the thought! Never shall we desert the bill-sticker or that supremest handiwork the bill-board, and the vast Pacific, washing with its abluent waves around the bearded shores of the world, mirroring in its tranquil waters the advertisements of a thousand patented articles, echoes, so far as can be ascertained from a look through a knothole in a bill-board, the sublime thought of Never—San Francisco "Argonaut."

**Mrs. Carter at the Princess.**

Local theatergoers who have been longing for more substantial fare than that supplied by numerous numbers—musical plays will read with pleasure of the visit next week of the great artist, Mrs. Leslie Carter, in David Belasco's "Du Barry." Manager Sheppard has been fortunate enough to arrange for eight performances, beginning on next Monday. This positively will be the last opportunity to see Mrs. Carter in the greatest role she yet has played, for next season she will have New York in the "Mrs. Leslie Carter" special of one parlor car, two coaches and five baggage cars.

"Du Barry" is the production of a veritable wizard among dramatists and in this remarkable play David Belasco sounds every depth of passion and runs the gamut of all human emotions. As a technical exemplification of the art of playwriting it is a great study. Not a change of the smallest kind in production or play has been made since the close of the New York engagement.

**Florida.**

Personally-Conducted Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The second Jacksonville tour of the season via the Pennsylvania Railroad, allowing two weeks in Florida, leaves New York, Philadelphia, and Washington by special train February 16. Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals en route in both directions, while traveling on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York, \$50; Buffalo, \$54.25; Rochester, \$54; Elmira, \$51.45; Erie, \$54.85; Williamsport, \$50; Wilkes-Barre, \$50.35; and at proportionate rates from other ports.

For tickets, itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents, or address George W. Boyd, general passenger agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

**Heavy Damages for Imitating a Label.**

In the suit of Saxlehner vs. Elmsner and Mendelson Company Judge Wallace of the United States Circuit Court recently signed a decree awarding Saxlehner \$31,030.38, together with \$2,365.55 costs, which the Elmsner and Mendelson Company must pay to Saxlehner as damages for their use of labels imitating Saxlehner's label of Hunyadi Waters, such as Hunyadi Matyas and others.

**Political Speech.**

It is the Ayr Burghs that claim the distinction of possessing the representative who had so great an aversion to speech-making that he was in the habit of getting a friend to compose his speeches for him. It was said that the manuscript was interspersed with marginal notes, such as "Pause here for the applause," "Here let your voice fall, as if overcome by your feelings," and so on. Probably that is true. But it is true that the author of the honorable member's speeches took it into his head one day to write at the top of the page certain words which appeared to be part and parcel of the speech itself. It was in the midst of a thrilling description of the iniquities of the unspeakable Turk, and an appeal to the Christian sympathies of every man, woman and child who has a heart to feel and a tongue to use, "Here, how you style! As the speaker deftly turned the page the audience were electrified by the words, coming smoothly into the full tide of eloquence, "Here blow your nose and take a glass of water." The effect was indescribable.

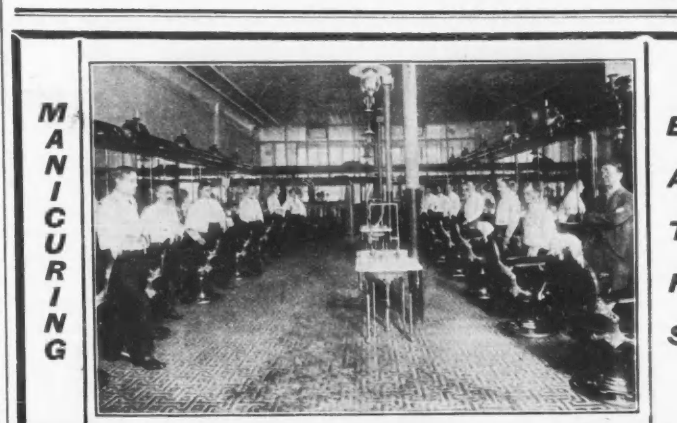
**Winter in New Zealand.**

The winters were short and delicious, except for an occasional week of wet weather, which, however, were always regarded by the sheep farmer as excellent for filling up the creeks, making the grass grow and being everything that was natural and desirable. When it did not rain, the winter weather was to feel and a tongue to use, "Here, how you style! As the speaker deftly turned the page the audience were electrified by the words, coming smoothly into the full tide of eloquence, "Here blow your nose and take a glass of water." The effect was indescribable.

**Brandy, Whisky and Port Wine are specifics in cases of sickness, and when so required should be unquestionably pure and good.**

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VALMORE & HORTON HENRY LEE  
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The Musical Burlesque.

four or five hours, until, perhaps, we had crossed a low saddle in the mountains and were coming home by the gorge of a river. In ten minutes every thing might have changed. A snow-storm would have sprung up as though let out of a bag, heavy drops of rain would be succeeded by a snow flurry, in which it was not always easy to find one's way home across swamps and over creeks, and the riders who set forth so gaily at 10 of the clock that same morning would return in the fast gathering darkness yet to the skin, or rather, frozen to the bone. I have often found it difficult to get out of my habit, so stiff with frozen snow was its bodice.

No one ever dreamed of catching cold, however, from the meteorological changes and chances, an immunity which no doubt he owed to the fact that we led, whether we liked it or not, an open air life. The little weather boarded house, with its canvas paper lining, did not offer much protection from a hard frost, and I have often found a heap of feathers show on a chair next my closed bedroom window which had drifted in through the ill-fitting frame. Still these snow showers and even hard frosts (which usually melted by midday) did no harm to man or beast.—Lady Broome in the "Cornhill."

**Roman Catholics in England.**

The Duke of Norfolk's announced early marriage has set people thinking of the spirit of liberalism which has gathered force in the English public mind during this generation with regard to the Roman Catholics. So was the rich and splendid ceremonial on Tuesday within the new Westminster Cathedral. Were it not for hard dates, one might almost school oneself to the belief that Cardinal Wiseman and Archbishop Bourne were separated by centuries, and that it was some, near about the time of Henry VIII's "raid" on the Monasteries that Lord John Russell—as pictured by "Punch"—chalked "No Popery" on the wall, and ran away! Yet not a few of our fathers—

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**UNITARIAN CHURCH**  
Jarvis Street, north of Wilton Avenue

Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A., will preach on Sunday evening, February 14th, on "Principal Sheraton on the Authorship of the Pentateuch."

Liberal religious literature—books, pamphlets, sermons—sent free. Address: Secretary, 305 Jarvis St.

told Sir Francis that after the Battle of Talavera he wanted the Spanish general, Cuesta, to make a forward movement, and entreated him to lose no time. Cuesta demurred. "For the honor of the Spanish Crown, I cannot obey the directions of the British commander unless that commander go down on his knees and entreat me to follow his advice."

"Now," said the Duke, "I wanted the thing done; while as to going on my knees I did not care a twopenny damn; so down I plumped." Sir Francis used to say this little anecdote gave a clearer insight into the secret of the Duke of Wellington's public life than all the biographies of him ever written.—"Modern Society."



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### Marjorie The Immortal Child.

OVER a tiny grave in a churchyard on the banks of the Forth, half-sunk into the ground, is a dark, rough stone, with the letters deeply cut in white: "M. F. 1811," and on a newer cross, placed there by loving hands, are the simple words:

Pet Marjorie.  
MARJORIE FLEMING.  
Born 1803. Died 1811.

Eight short years; yet in them Marjorie became immortal.

We can never know more of her than we do, and all that we know is almost nothing. This wonderful child, the youngest immortal in the world of letters, came down to us by the happiest chance.

For fifty years the fullest record of Marjorie Fleming was that she lived, died and was buried. Then, one day, in search of information for a handbook on the coast of Fife, an industrious Scot, rumbling round her old home, found three diaries. Some pages from them were printed in a local paper, and published in a small book. Dr. John Brown reviewed it, and to the author of "Rob and His Friends" the world owes what it knows of Marjorie.

His twenty pages, all too few, tell us all that we know of Pet Marjorie outside her own diaries. It is one of the mysteries of biography that, though Scott loved her and played with her, and thought her the most extraordinary creature he had ever known, Lockhart, unless one's memory slips—does not mention her name; and, but for odd contributions to periodical literature and the first small book of her diaries, nothing has ever been written about her except by Dr. Brown. Here is the shortest life in the ten thousand which make up the "Dictionary of National Biography"; but even in that great treasure-house, the final appeal in English biography, Sir Leslie Stephen tells us nothing we did not know from Dr. Brown in 1858. So small a mite was Marjorie.

It was right that the spot of her century should not pass without some recognition, and, on the year which was once Pet Marjorie's own garden, the printing machine has just given to the world the story of her life. In this not very handsome but very welcome volume have been collected all the facts that can be known of Marjorie Fleming.

Her father was a magistrate, her mother the daughter of an Edinburgh surgeon. They lived at Kirkcaldy, but for three years Marjorie lived with her aunt and her cousin, Isa Keith, whose friendship was the inspiration of her brief life. They were the three years of her "career," the years from five to eight, in which happened all that we know of her, in which this wee mite carved for herself a niche in the monument of English letters.

Marjorie's diaries belong to the wonders of the world. It is as easy to understand how the Pyramids builders raised the great stones to their great heights as to understand how a child of five could write as Marjorie wrote. Take this passage, from the first letter she ever wrote, to her beloved Isa:

"Miss Potune, a lady of my acquaintance, praises me dreadfully. I repeated something out of Deen Swift and she said I was fit for the stage, and you may think I was primed up with majestic pride, but upon my word I felt myself turn a little blissy."

Or this, written when Marjorie was six:

"I love to walk in lonely solitude, and leave the bustle of the noisy town behind me and while I look on nothing but the sky and the sun and the stars, I feel as if I were alone in the world, and then I think myself transported far beyond the reach of the wicked sons of men where there is nothing but strife and envying piffing and murder where neither contentment nor retirement dwells but there dwells drunkenness."

Yet, though her thoughts were so often those of a woman, Marjorie was the merriest of babblers, and few things in her diaries please us more than her inconsequence.

"The Mr. Balfours," in whom the Prime Minister will be interested, come into her diaries—Marjorie "will never forget them never never"—and this passage will please Lord Rosebery:

"I pretended to write to a lord yesterday and Lord Balfour told me that killing crows and rooks that inhabit his castle or estate but we should excuse my lord for his foolishness for as people think I think too for people think he is a little deranged."

She had the softest heart, and would have transported or hanged the man who killed a "young Turkie 2 or 3 months old." Another of these melancholy little tragedies reveals her at her best and cleverest. More amazing than her prose is Marjorie's poetry, of which we can only quote the briefest lines.

"Three Turkeys fair their last had breath," and Marjorie set down their sad fate in verse. The little poet, struck by the cold indifference of the bereaved mother, wound up her lines with an emphatic protest, which is just saved from impotency by a missing letter:

"A direful death indeed they had that would put any parent mad But she was more than usual calm She did not give a single dam She is as gentle as a lamb Here ends this melancholy lay Farewell Poor Turkeys I must say."

She took the utmost license, in things personal as well as poetical, and the audacity which breathes through all she wrote stands out notably in the sonnet to a monkey. The monkey's nose is "roman," and we are amazed to be told that "he is a very pretty woman." But Marjorie makes it clear in the last two lines:

"I could not get a rhyme for roman And was obliged to call it weoman."

As she learns from Isa the art of "Simcolins nots of interrogations pearls and commas etc." Marjorie's diaries improve in form. But it is still the same child who prattles, still the same philosophy coming out of the mouth of a babe. Her diaries, no doubt, are the most memorable contribution a child has ever made to letters, and they will live. But it is hard to think of the adjective which suits them best. Perhaps it is "extraordinary." Marjorie the diarist is lovable at times—as when confessing her sin and expressing her great repentance; and her love for Isa belongs to the story of the world's great friendships. But we should hardly have loved her from her diaries alone. It is the sympathy of Dr. Brown, the tenderness with which he told her simple story, which gives her a place in our affections.

Who that has ever read his picture of Sir Walter Scott and his wee maid, the great man standing before her repeating "Zicotty, dicotty, dock, the mouse ran up the clock, the clock

struck wan, down the mouse ran, zicotty, dicotty, dock," can ever forget it? And, surely, as long as the world loves a beautiful thing, that glimpse of Scott at a Twelfth Night supper will never die. They were all there but Marjorie, and Sir Walter was dull.

"Where's that bairn?" he would say, and when the bell rang, and the sedan chair was brought in— "here, in its darkness and dingy old cloth, sat Madie in white, her eyes gleaming, and Scott bending over her in ecstasy—hung over her enamoured. 'Sit ye there, my dauntie, till they all see you,' and forthwith he brought them all."

Madie gave them Constance's speeches and a popular ballad, and those who knew Scott best said that that night was never equalled."

Marjorie died in the following year. As she lay ill in bed, apparently recovering, she asked her mother to play Lady Macbeth's national song, and as the sounds of music came into the room Marjorie sang out:

"I'm wearin' awa', John, Like snaw-craiths in thaw, John, I'm wearin' awa' To The Land o' the Leal."

On the Sunday night just before Christmas, in 1811, her father—who could never speak her name after she died—carried her round and round the room, and as he held her Marjorie asked if she should repeat something to him. Then, in almost her last words, she recited Burns's lines: "Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?" Before she went to bed she wrote a poem to her cousin, and these lines, on her recovery, were the last she ever penned.

At midnight she gave a cry of pain, uttered again and again during three days and nights, and on the morning of Dec 26, with "Oh, mother, mother!" on her lips, Pet Marjorie fell asleep.

"Her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does," Scott said. There is something overpowering in this simple telling of her brief life story. She was not yet eight, but there have been many longer lives that this which closed too soon—A. M. in London "Daily Mail."

### Pure Pessimism.

Women go to cooking clubs, And always hire a cook; People go to reading clubs, And never buy a book; Women go to sewing clubs, And never make a seam; People join the writing clubs And never spill a pen; People go to golfing clubs And never fill the bag; People join the athletic clubs And still their strength is weak; People in debating clubs Are seldom known to speak.

People in amusement clubs Declare this life a bore; Those in peace procuring clubs Are always out for gore; Those who fill the singing clubs Are destitute of song— That's the look of all the clubs To one who can't belong.

—Judge.

Husband—I will get our pet dog stuffed if he dies.  
Wife—Well, it's more than you would do for me!

### The "Powers That Be" in Asia.

THE ostensible cause of the war of 1894, between Japan and China, was the rival claims of these two Powers to assert an influence in Korea but—deeper than this—underlying all diplomatic subterfuge and Oriental suavity was the irreconcilable contention of the Chinese, at war with the progressive ideals of the Japanese. The struggle ended in a complete victory for Japan, and all Europe turned in admiration of the Japanese army and navy, the organization and equipment being a complete revelation to the rest of the Powers.

Japan had no sooner completed the war with China, and rested on her oars to sing her national victory, than the eyes of Europe were again turned in her direction, but this time to "covet and desire" her hard-won laurels. As soon as the signature of the treaty between Japan and China was accomplished all the Powers came on the scene. France, Germany and Russia brought such pressure to bear upon Japan, whose resistance was weakened by her recent war, that she was forced to give up the whole of her acquisitions, retaining only the Island of Formosa.

Russia, France and Germany then posed as the "friends of China." Russia openly avowed her ambition to obtain an ice free port as an outlet to her Siberian possessions; also "the right to carry the Siberian Railway across Chinese territory from Strassburg to Vladivostok." This railway gave Russia a grasp on Northern Manchuria. France demanded a "rectification of frontier in the Mekong valley and certain 'railway and mining rights in Kiangski and Yunnan.' Both Powers obtained concessions of land at Hankow. Russia also reformed Port Arthur, and by way of a further hold guaranteed China a four per cent. loan of £15,000,000.

While Russia and France were profiting by what they were pleased in diplomatic verbiage to call "the generosity of China," Germany proceeded to help herself by seizing the Bay of Kia-chow. Subsequently the cession was made in a ninety-nine years' lease, with full powers to build fortifications and docks.

In December the Russian fleet was sent to winter in Port Arthur, and the request was made by the Russian Ambassador in London that two British cruisers already there should be withdrawn, "in order to avoid friction in the Russian sphere of influence." This was complied with, and at the time was considered by some to be a diplomatic weakness on the part of Great Britain.

In March Russia peremptorily demanded a lease of Port Arthur and the adjoining anchorage of Tientsin. The occupation of Port Arthur by Russia was immediately followed by a concession to build a line of railway from that point northward, to connect with the Siberian trunk line in North Manchuria. Great Britain then obtained a lease of Wei-hai-wei, and formally took possession of it on the evacuation by the Japanese troops in 1895.

When the Chinese Government decided, after much hesitation, to permit the construction of railways with foreign capital, the hands of all the Powers were again stretched forth to grasp all that came within their reach. Germany obtained rights in the Province of Shantung, France had previously obtained recognition in the southern Provinces of Kwanshi and Yunnan, and Russia clearly indicated that she considered Manchuria peculiarly her own. Great Britain, though indicating her interest in the "open door policy," yet was forced to fall in with what was then known as "the spheres of influence."

She claimed the Fongtsi Valley. The Italian Government was not wishing to be outdone in the gentle art of annexation, applied for a lease of a coaling station at Samun on the coast of Chekiang, together with a grant of railway and mining rights in that province. Never was the old saying better exemplified, "One man can steal the horse while the other may not look over the stable door."

The request was bluntly refused, and orders were sent to Chinese soldiers to resist any attempt at landing of troops from Italian men-of-war. These precautions were, however, unnecessary, as Italy withdrew her request, deciding "discretion was the better part of valor."

In 1899 Tallienwin and Kiachow were thrown open by Russia and Germany to foreign trade, and America and Great Britain tried to gain the "open door policy." A definite step towards the maintenance of this policy was obtained by the agreement of 1900 between the British and German Governments.

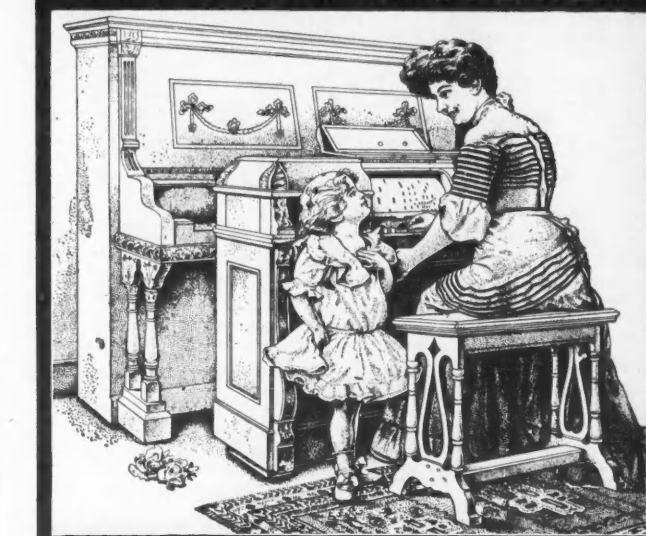
When the second payment of the indemnity from China to Japan became due, Great Britain offered to loan to China on advantageous terms. At the last moment China refused, owing, as she said, "to the threatening attitude of Russia." The British Minister took advantage of this refusal to obtain from China an undertaking to throw the whole of the inland waterways open to steam traffic. Mining concessions were also made to Great Britain.

A Franco-Belgian syndicate endeavored to obtain a trunk line from Hankow to Peking. A British company also tendered, and was explicitly promised the contract, but, owing to the pressure from the French and German Powers, the contract was given to the Franco-Belgian syndicate. As an offset to this, the British Minister immediately secured from the Chinese Government a railway concessions for which British syndicates were then negotiating.

After the war of 1900 Russia continued her steady and relentless appropriation of China. The Russian military authorities seized the railway line, not only to the north of the Great Wall, but also from Shan-kai-kwan to Peking, and made an extensive bill of river frontage at Tientsin as a Russian settlement.

The Boxer movement was at its height when the Chinese Government in Manchuria over-confidence of success, "wantonly declared war" against Russia. This was followed by a "reign of terror for the Chinese, one of the incidents in which for the massacre by the Cossacks of 5,000 Chinese, men, women and children, who were ruthlessly flung into the Amur.

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The gist of the late original proposals between Russia and Japan was: First, the suggestion from Japan that "Russia and Japan should take the mutual obligation to respect the independence and territorial integrity of China and Korea. Secondly, Russia would undertake to recognize the special interests of Japan in Korea. Thirdly, Japan would bind herself not to infringe the commercial rights and amenities which in virtue of existing treaties Russia possesses in Korea. Russia would enter into the same engagement with regard to commercial rights and amenities of Japan in China."

In reply to these proposals the Russian Government in its note of December 11 "refused to discuss the Manchurian question, according to Russia, 'could only be discussed between herself and China.' With regard to Korea, Russia consented to 'recognize the special interests of Japan, but in one part of the country only. A neutral zone must be created, beginning at the Manchurian and Korean frontier and extending to the east as far as Wang-ping-yang, and to the west as far as Ping-yang."

This neutral zone would correspond to the Continental portion of Korea, whereas the Peninsular portion alone would be surrendered to the "special interests" of Japan. Korea claims that her relations with Russia and Japan are friendly, though she would never consent to Russia's proposal that a third of the country should become a neutral zone. In the event of war Korea would maintain a strict neutrality. There is a diplomatic question pending between Korea, the United States, Japan, Russia, and Great Britain regarding the opening of the ports of Wigo and Yonagumo to foreign trade. The Korean Foreign Minister has given his sacred promise that the port shall be opened to all nations. It is the seventh Foreign Minister who has suffered death within the past year, it is to be feared he may not survive long enough to make his promise good.

When Russia took Port Arthur she feared war with Japan. At that time the Minister of Finance for Russia was able to report \$80,000,000 roubles in treasuries to meet exigencies. The St. Petersburg correspondent to the New York "Herald" states that the vast sums of gold which M. Witte so carefully collected have been rolling away towards the Far East at the rate of 25,000,000 roubles per month. This money has been sunk in fortifications, strategic railroads, payments for the vast army and the large fleet, both of which have been built in the quarter, but surely, increased up to their present proportions. In the event of Japan being victorious in the war between Russia and Japan, there will be exultation throughout Japan and China that the yellow natives have driven out the "foreign devils."

It is assumed that France, having no territorial interest at stake, will not waste her wealth in the quarrel, though her statesmen may be influenced by her financiers who have French money invested in Russian bonds and shares to the amount of eleven milliards. Germany, like "Ere's Fox," lays low and says nothing, but it is believed her intention is to claim the whole Province of Shantung. The American Government loudly claims they "seek nothing but their free trading treaty rights," but they shew themselves inflexibly opposed to Russia. The British Government does not wish to fight, but it is absolutely necessary for "good faith." The Bulgarian Government, safe from the interference of Russia, may use the war to influence the Sultan to grant the demands of his Macedonian subjects.

There is another question which forces itself upon diplomacy in Asia: Is there room for two such great European powers as Russia and England to exist side by side? Can the diplomatic relations be arranged to satisfy their respective interests, and if arranged, can they be maintained peacefully without discord or struggles for supremacy?

Apart from all other considerations it is obvious that war between two such great powers as Russia and Japan cannot fail to stir deeply the thinking world. Since the struggle of 1894 between Japan and China, Asia has been the centre of diplomatic interest, and Russia has proved herself a "past master" in the art of dealing with Oriental diplomacy. She meets the Asiatics on their own ground and uses their methods. She grasps stealthily and has the ability to refrain what she grasps. A war between two such Powers will mean "more things" for Asia and for Europe than are "dreamt of in our philosophy."

MARIAN OSBORNE.

### Beginnings of Literature.

Some stories are unchanged to the end of time, but more grow in the tell-

ing. "Have you ever heard Brown tell about the time he got half-way up Mont Blanc with one of his little nephews and no guide?" asked one man of another.

"How long ago did he tell you about it?" was the evasive reply. "Last October, when he'd just got home," said the first man. "Well," said the other, "in the four months since then he has climbed the rest of the way, succeeded a fainting guide and sustained a snowstorm on the summit, accumulated two benumbed strangers on the way down, and guided the entire party to the foot, where a group of frantic relatives were waiting."

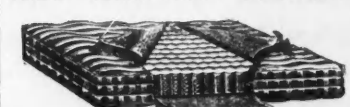
### A Winter Night.

I hear the casement creak and clang,  
The frosted fire boughs gasp and groan,  
And the lone wind is like a loud  
That growls and crunches on a bone.

The angry whip-cords of the sleet  
The windows lash, as they were fain  
To fling defiance in my face  
Through the thin rampart of the pane.

It is as though the door of Dread  
Had yawned, with portentous mirth;  
And yet, lo! but the morning dawn,  
—And lo! how white the peace of earth!  
—Clinton Scollard, in the "Windsor Magazine."

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#### Births

Percy—Feb. 4, Chicago, Mrs. William S. Percy, a daughter.  
Meredith—Feb. 6, Montreal, Mrs. F. E. Meredith, a son.  
Francis—Feb. 6, Toronto, Mrs. G. L. Francis, a daughter.  
German—Feb. 6, Toronto, Mrs. Reg. F. German, a daughter.  
Hudson—Feb. 8, Preston, Mrs. W. S. Hudson, a daughter.  
Pettit—Feb. 6, Grimsby, Mrs. C. H. Pettit, a son.

#### Marriages

Kiesler—Morgan—At St. Margaret's Church, on Feb. 3rd, 1904, by Rev. R. J. Moore, Elizabeth Hope Morgan, to Albert Gordon Kiesler, both of Toronto.  
Anderson—MacNab—On Wednesday, Feb. 10th, by Rev. E. B. Winchester, Anna Laurence, daughter of the late Alexander James MacNab, P.L.S., C.E., to Capt. William Hardin Anderson, son of Capt. E. B. Anderson.  
Spratt—Bankier—Feb. 9, Hamilton, W. A. Spratt, to Margaret Jane Bankier.  
Smith—Hill—Feb. 3, Fraser Smith to Minnie E. Hill.  
Stone—Howarth—Feb. 10, Toronto, Robert N. Stone, to Mabel E. Howarth.  
Ferguson—Stephens—Feb. 3, Woodham, Ont., Howard Ferguson, to Barbara St. John Stephens.  
Caldwell—Gall—Feb. 10, Harry Caldwell to Edith May Gall.

#### Deaths

Carey—Jan. 14, Burke, Sonoma Co., California, Florence Howard Linton Carey.  
Davidson—Feb. 1, Colorado Springs, Colo., Amelia Penfold (Amy) Davidson.  
Draper—Feb. 4, San Francisco, Cal., Ellen Theresa Hamilton Draper.  
Meredith—Feb. 5, Toronto, Catherine Meredith, aged 81 years.  
Vernon—Feb. 7, Hamilton, Elias Vernon, M.D., aged 76 years.  
Graham—Feb. 8, Toronto, Myles MacKenzie Graham.  
White—Feb. 5, Winnipeg, Norman Stuart White.

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